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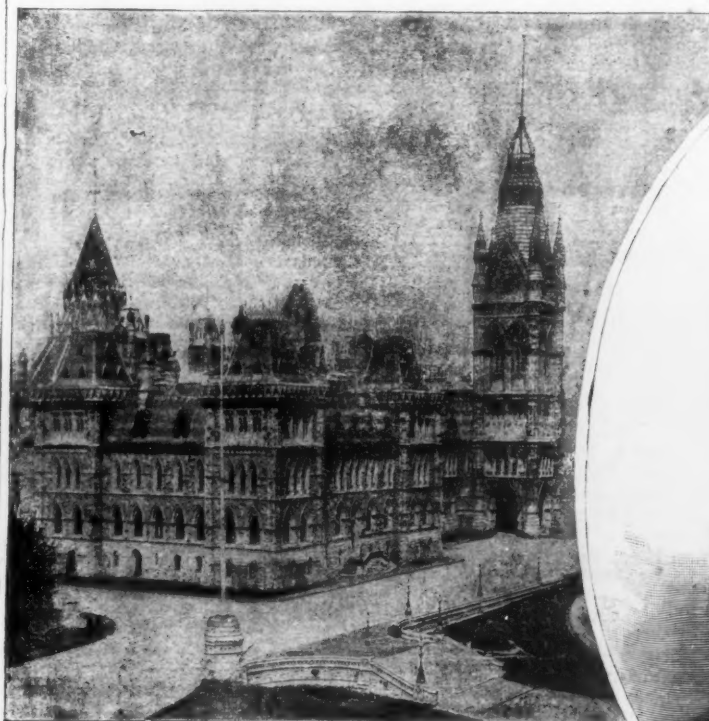
# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

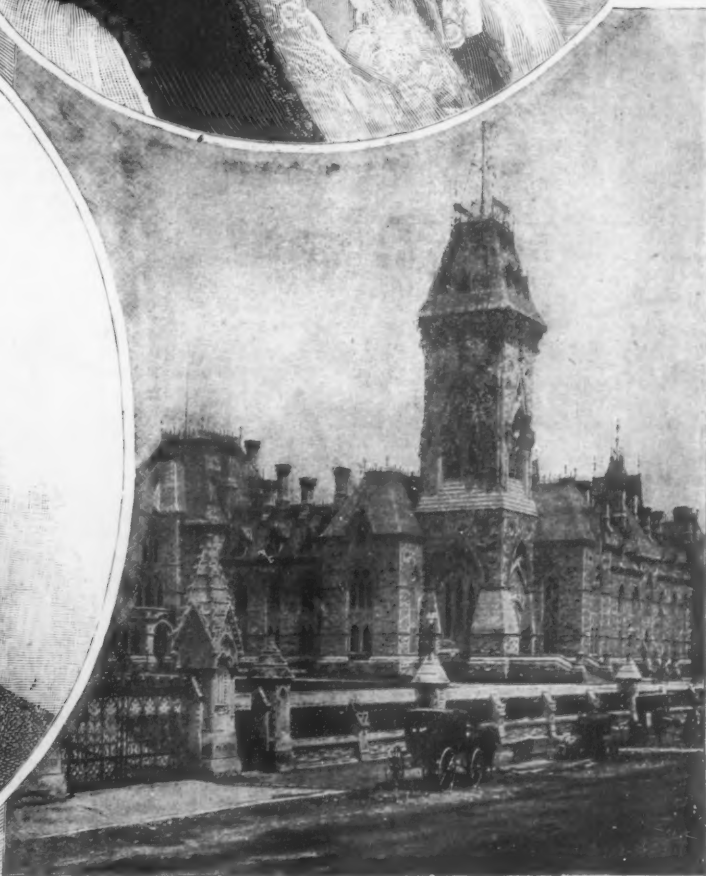
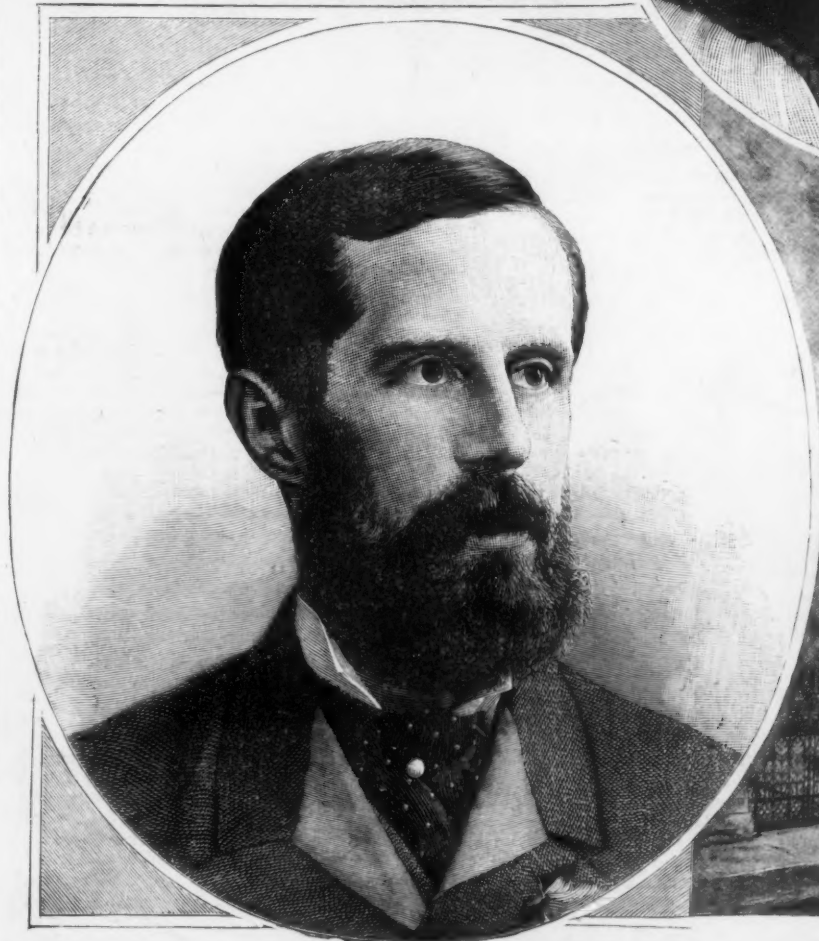
Vol. XI.—No. 10.  
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NEW YORK, JUNE 17, 1893

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# ONCE A WEEK

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Subscribers will please take notice that one to three weeks must necessarily elapse—dependent upon the distance from New York—from the date of subscription until they receive the first paper sent by mail. The reason is obvious. A subscriber's name is forwarded to the branch office, thence to the head office in New York. At the head office it is registered, and then duly mailed.

Should ONCE A WEEK fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, ONCE A WEEK Building, No. 621 West 31st Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "tracer" through the post-office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

## PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 621 West 31st Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "ONCE A WEEK," Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

## THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS OR A PRIZE MEDAL FOR A NEW COMPETITION.

ONCE A WEEK offers a prize of one hundred dollars, or, at the option of the winner, a gold medal of equal value, to the student, male or female, at any college, convent, academy or public school in this country, Canada or elsewhere who will send to this office, on or before July 1, 1893, the best essay, not exceeding three thousand words in length, on the subject of "The Seven Wonders of the Nineteenth Century."

The conditions of the competition are:

1. A copy of this notice must be attached to each essay, with the name and address of the author.
2. Every essay must be original and accompanied by a written assurance from the principal of the college, convent, academy or public school that the essay is the unaided work of the competitor.

Here is a fine chance to win one hundred dollars or a gold medal. Now let all the ambitious young girls and lads enter the contest with a determination to win.

Principals and teachers in colleges, convents, academies and public schools are respectfully requested to read this announcement to their pupils, and to stimulate them to take part in this interesting competition.

The committee to decide the contest will be carefully chosen, and announced in a later number of this paper.

A TWO-MILLION-DOLLAR fire destroyed the business portion of Fargo, N. Dak., on the 7th.

EDWIN BOOTH died at the Players' Club, New York, on the 7th. Henry Irving telegraphed the following message from London to Mr. William Winter of the New York Tribune: "My Dear Winter—I am grieved beyond measure at the sad news of poor, dear Booth's death. The world is poorer to-day by a great and true man all love.—HENRY IRVING."

AMENDMENTS to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill are being offered so numerous as to threaten the very existence of the measure. First, it was an amendment to prevent the Parliament in Dublin (to be, let us hope) from controlling the mounted police. Now it is an amendment to prevent the same ideal legislature from controlling immigration from the United States. What Mr. Gladstone's opponents are after, apparently, is to cut the Home Rule Bill down to nothing, and then refuse Ireland even that. Your true Tory is a hard loser.

The English courts are busy at present winding up the Australian banks. It seems these banks had run down. We hope that, if any of them "go again," the court will have set the alarm to go off before the hand points to five hundred million dollars. Financiers have assured us, recently, that we are expected to feel a part of the Australian uneasiness. And as financiers insist in thus piling Australia upon Dwigins for our confusion, we have the right to appeal to the English courts to be careful how they let any more of these Antipodean wild cats go at large.

The Secretary of State has received notice of the intention of the Russian Government to raise the rank of its mission here to an embassy. It is not known yet whether the present Russian Minister, Prince Catacuzene, will succeed to the office of Ambassador, and in view of the fact that his experience in the diplomatic service has not been of long duration, it is thought possible that Russia, like Germany, may send some older diplomat as Ambassador. Why not let Catacuzene stay? We do not know much about Ambassadors. The present Minister has a splendid chance to learn the business among us.

Mr. C. ROBINSON, a Canadian lawyer, argued before the Behring Sea Tribunal that it is impossible to place the claims of the United States on a legal basis. It is never impossible or too late to make a new legal basis for just and enlightened claims. We cannot live forever on the old basis that everything British can do as it pleases can

the high seas. The young United States made a precedent before, when our forefathers refused further tribute to the Barbary pirates; the American Union, now grown powerful, proposes to make a precedent as to the right of any country to indiscriminately destroy seal life that originates on our territory.

INFORMATION comes from Germany that certain interests there are petitioning the Reichstag for an increase of duties upon certain products of the United States. The American interests thus assailed are conferring freely with members of Congress and urging upon them the propriety of considering this fact while framing a bill for a modification of the McKinley tariff. Many of these members agree that if duties on American products are to be increased in Germany they will oppose any reduction of the duties on German products imported into the United States. If Germany would only try our reciprocity, we are sure she would like it.

## THE EXTRA SESSION.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND formally announces that an extra session of Congress will be called early in September. We presume that, if it is absolutely necessary, the extra session will be called at an earlier date. The warm weather would seriously interfere with the work of a midsummer session; but at their country's call our new Congressmen would brave even a Washington July and August, rather than see a great national crisis confronting us all, with no one on guard at Washington except the hired help.

If the extra session is needed, for early in September, why is it not needed now? Why was it not needed two months ago? We see but one explanation as to why the extra session has not been called. The President did not deem it safe to submit the questions of finance, tariff, income tax and banking to the decision of the new Congressmen, many of whom are in Congress for the first time. But, now, the country has had several object lessons in finance, and no doubt the new Representatives and Senators have studied them carefully, if not prayerfully. There is no longer any substantial reason for delay. The extra session should not be deferred until September.

Doubtless many honest men are curtailing their incomes at present so as to be ready for the merciless gatherers of the income tax. This is a great national evil. Then the Sherman Silver Purchase Law—do you intend to repeal it or not, gentlemen? How do we know whether these few silver dollars we are hoarding out of each week's pay will be money or junk, unless you tell us what you intend to do with that Sherman Law?

And the World's Fair—do you intend to let the Sabatarians and the Seven Day Men fight out the Sunday closing question among themselves? They are almost at it now. Anyhow, the Columbian Exposition is a very large enterprise. You cannot tell what legislation may be needed there after the show gets well under way. How convenient it will be to temper the suprenacy of the Chicago Get Theres with an Act of Congress against stranding a stranger in a sixth-story attic at six dollars a night, and no money for his breakfast in the morning!

Then there is the Behring Sea arbitration. Sir RICHARD WEBSTER was on his last thousand miles at the last report, and the Tribunal may reach a decision before we know it, to save themselves from the slow torture of death by loquacity.

September will never do. The extra session is needed now. Every Congressman should be in his own bailiwick on the Fourth of July—whether he be Senator or Representative. After that he must travel to Washington as quickly as the Limited Express can carry him; and when he gets there, he must see us safely through the above named and all other crises that are now or may hereafter be included in the category of what ails us.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

IN confining ourselves to the main fact that recent failures have caused uneasiness in business and financial circles, we should not lose sight of the demoralizing tendency of the practices resorted to by many of the "promoters" who have been attempting to make something out of nothing. The man whose word is as good as his bond in smaller matters, and whose personal honor will not permit him to stoop to deception among his friends, would not, in theory, be capable of floating bonds on an uncertainty. Such a man would not, in theory, be capable of drawing other people into schemes for his own aggrandizement at their expense and to the ruin of their fortunes.

Business is business, of course; and every man having money is supposed to invest it at his own risk and by the light of his own knowledge. But we know also that the average man is often misled by great expectations; that the desire to become suddenly and easily rich is one upon which the influential promoter can easily play, to the undoing of the investor. And while it is true, that such investors are not without blame themselves, when they allow such expectant avarice to interfere with their judgment, still that does not excuse the promoter for making false or exaggerated representations.

The using of an honored name in the business of enticing capital to invest, in financial schemes that are at best only promising and at worst very doubtful, is a

practice so widespread as to be a decidedly bad sign of the times. Does it indicate that personal honor has no place in the world of speculation? The eyes of the world are fixed upon the Stock Exchange. Is that the right way to grow rich, to organize and forward great enterprises? If it is, and even alleged men of honor do not scruple to deceive their best friends in the Street, it is vain to expect honesty and integrity among the people at large—for, no matter what we may say to the contrary, the masses of the people do take their cue from the rich, the enterprising, the socially prominent, and the reputed gentlemen.

The worst feature of all is, that the hard-earned money of small investors is placed in jeopardy by the recklessness of a speculation in which personal honor and strict regard for truth are momentarily forgotten in the heat of speculative parry and thrust.

If such practices continue the statute against obtaining money under false pretenses will have to be extended so as to include reckless speculation, the highly colored prospectuses of syndicates and the great expectations of promoters who are making themselves so busy in the monetary world with other people's money. The promotive and speculative steed needs a new and improved, and somewhat harsher, bit and curb.

## A STUDY OF MILLIONAIRES.

IT is alleged that it is the constant study of millionaires to grow into multi-millionaires. As to that, we have nothing to say here, the object being to study millionaires themselves, through a few brief paragraphs.

What is a millionaire? A person with a million dollars. If this person has exactly one million dollars in gold, all told, in a safe deposit vault, he or she is supposed to be a real, bona fide millionaire; if the pile does not decrease, he or she will remain a millionaire.

Money being worth, say, four per cent., let us suppose the case of a man who for the past ten years has been forging ahead, financially. His net income during those ten years has averaged forty thousand dollars per year. Is this man a millionaire, on an average? As forty thousand dollars is the interest on a million for one year at four per cent., we must conclude that this man has been, on an average, a millionaire.

By his wits, aided by Dame Fortune, a patron of the turf has netted an income of forty thousand dollars a year for the same ten years—is he also a millionaire?

A journalist, attorney, architect, inventor or building contractor has averaged a like sum per year in salary, fees, royalties—the ability, the occupation, the business that netted such a sum was equivalent to one million dollars.

Now, let us go back to the safe deposit vault. The alleged bona fide millionaire has a million dollars in gold there. Unless he has other means of livelihood and of paying the rent of the vault, he is not a millionaire. If he puts his million on interest at four per cent., in Government bonds, he will not be worth a million, because four per cent. Government bonds, payable in 1907, are at a premium (to-day, June 7, 111 1-2); and his annual income will be less than forty thousand dollars.

We conclude, therefore, that a person with exactly and only a million dollars in gold is not likely to be a millionaire at all; while it is possible for a worker of brains and industry to enjoy the income derived from one million dollars at four per cent. per annum.

The question is, Are millionaires and their millions created and sustained by that modern omnipotence called Progress? Or is this question the outcome of a socialistic dream?

Forty years ago, a tract of land of one hundred and sixty acres lay contiguous to a thriving lakeport city, in the region of the Great Lakes. The owner of the land had all he could do to live upon it. Pioneer hardships, the corduroy road and the ox-team made his visits to town so few and far between that for years the pioneer was engaged in making the land into a farm. Neighbors came to the same section, they helped one another; but no money passed. These were the pioneer days.

The Civil War found stalwart sons and patriotic fathers who went to the front. But the farms were not neglected. The younger sons—mere boys—took good care of those farms. After the war is over, prosperity sets in and adds to the large sums accumulated during the time of big prices. The city on the Great Lakes route grows to be a great railroad, commercial and manufacturing center.

A few years ago an improved farm of one hundred and sixty acres in that region was worth about eight thousand dollars. Forty years ago it was the abiding-place of a hardy pioneer who worked hard all day and every day for his board, and very inferior board it was, except that it was sweetened with independence, and flavored with the aroma of Home. To-day that farm is a part of a solid city. And our pioneer has not sold any of the lots—the "company" which is composed of himself and his family and a few wealthy bankers have not failed during the recent period of uncertainty.

The great army of labor invaded that quarter section, and where that army comes and receives steady and remunerative employment business thrives, "subdivisions" are added to cities, booms are not



needed. Our pioneer farmer of forty years ago is worth to-day more than one million. He has no slippery "bonds" in the hands of despairing bankers. He was never in a hurry. His associates in the great factory with its thousand workmen, in the electric railway, in the First National Bank, are not in a hurry.

But—mark you—shut up that great factory, let the workmen go elsewhere, let Progress frown for one short year and then leave that city for a more favored locality, and these "millions" invested in great properties would vanish.

We must not fancy that the ruin of that lakeport city is a mere supposition. Millions are frequently scattered in that fashion in the great warfare of speculation. The great bulk of American "millions" is, to-day, not money, but property.

Property has no intrinsic value. It is not necessarily worth even what it cost. It is valuable in proportion to its earning capacity. The millionaires of the United States have no assurance of safety for the future, except in building up from below.

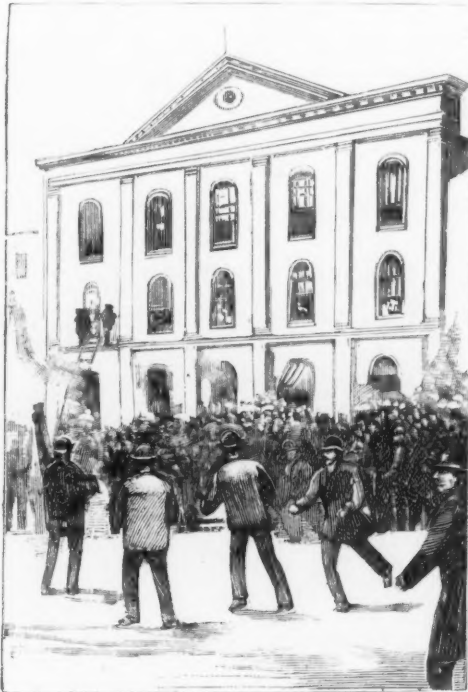
Let population take root and stay in one place. Capital must not travel too far away from home. The waste-places outside of the walled city must be taken in by degrees. It is folly to move the great city out to the waste-places. Great cities, substantial millions, real property, grow by accretion.

On the other hand, new cities, new enterprises, whose foundations are solidly laid in natural resources, energy and reasonable prospects, should not be lightly abandoned.

Confidence, fair dealing, a permanent population in their own homes, are the breath of the millionaire's life. Let the millionaire see to it.

#### COLLAPSE OF FORD'S OLD THEATER, WHERE LINCOLN WAS ASSASSINATED.

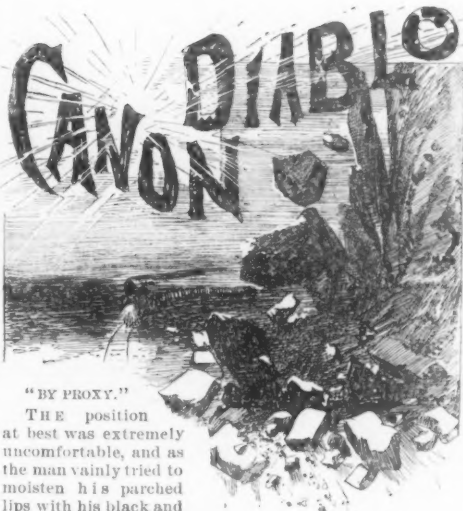
Ford's Old Theater in Tenth Street, Washington, D.C., where Abraham Lincoln was assassinated on Good Friday, 1865, by John Wilkes Booth, brother of the late Edwin Booth, was the scene of a terrible calamity, on Friday, June 9. The upper floors gave way and fell crashing



FORD'S OLD THEATER, WASHINGTON.

through the lower, carrying with them hundreds of Government employees who were at work at the time. It is not known how many lives were lost, but probably some twenty or thirty, with a much larger number of wounded. It was considered an unsafe structure for many years, and ought to have been torn down long ago. In truth, our Government seems to have been criminally negligent in allowing its employees to occupy it. It is a curious coincidence that this terrible catastrophe should have happened while the remains of poor Edwin Booth were being conveyed to their last resting-place.

A RUMOR, happily unfounded, circulated last Friday that James Gordon Bennett had died in Paris from the effects of a fall from a coach. He did have a severe fall while driving through the entrance of his Paris home, and struck his stomach against the iron step of his coach. A dangerous operation was deemed necessary in order to ascertain whether or not the intestines were injured, and, after arranging his will, Mr. Bennett bravely submitted. No serious injuries were found and Mr. Bennett is now said to be out of danger.



"BY PROXY."

THE position at best was extremely uncomfortable, and as the man vainly tried to moisten his parched lips with his black and swollen tongue, he made desperate but unsuccessful efforts to move himself and ease his cramped limbs. The harsh rawhide lariat which bound his wrists together behind him and held his neck so closely to the rails cut into the flesh cruelly.

God! how hot the rail was in the full glare of the scorching desert sun, which had beat down on his unprotected head for hours, and had still two hours of fervid heat before it would disappear like a great ball of fire behind the western mesas.

Two hours! and then—the Overland was due. He did not dare hope the engineer would see him in the dusk which falls so rapidly on the great plains. They had been careful to put his body outside of the rails, so as to show as little of him as possible to the searching rays of the headlight. Miles and miles, as straight as a rule and as level as a floor, stretched the track to the east and to the west. No sign of life save the hungry buzzard soaring on motionless pinions in ever-narrowing circles far above him; no sound save the occasional clicking of the rail, "creeping" under the torrid heat. He knew the section-men had passed homeward some time before, as he heard the clatter of their car over the great steel structure spanning the gigantic Cañon Diablo while he was deep down in the crevice of the mighty gorge with his hammer and microscope, pecking away at the hard stone face of nature rent apart ages before by some Titanic convulsion. He had caught a glimpse of a long freight train, which long since disappeared in the west with its dull rumble and roar, and now there was nothing due before the Overland.

No need to hope for succor from any one passing that way. Tramps never crossed the desert on foot. Bad enough to ride over it on the trucks of the Overland coaches, or between the cars on the through freights in the blinding, suffocating dust and intolerable heat. No human being was within miles of him.

How his arm pained him where the heavy ball from the Winchester had broken the bone! He would willingly give one of the two hours of life before him for a single drop of water—only enough to moisten his tongue. Two hours! The Overland was between forty and fifty miles away in the west bearing down on him as relentless as fate. He speculated considerably as he laid there. The sectionmen would probably find him in the morning.

Would the buzzards and coyotes mutilate and devour him beyond all recognition? The little book in his pocket with his name in, possibly that would not be destroyed, and he remembered that it contained his mother's address. So they could write and tell her how he had died, but no one would ever know why he had been murdered in this fiendish manner—no one but the two swarthy Mexican half-breeds who had ridden away after fastening him to the rail, kicking him brutally and loading him with taunts and curses, mocking the helpless victim of their hellish design. There were three of them at first who had ridden up to the edge of the precipice forming one wall of the cañon, and from his position on a shelf of rock far below them he had seen the sudden onslaught of two of them on the third, saw the deadly blow between the shoulders with the long, gleaming knife! the hurried searching of their victim's garments, then something horrible hurtled by him into the gloom, as the body fell down, down into the chasm a thousand feet below. Then it was that the red-handed murderers had seen him, and knew their crime had been witnessed. With hoarse cries of rage, they raised their rifles and fired on him—an unarmed man, an inoffensive prospector.

As he sank down from the shock of the ball in his arm one of the desperadoes swung himself down to the shelf, and finding there was still life in the insensible body, fastened his lariat around it, and they drew it up. Then it was they conceived the hellish plan which resulted in the man finding himself bound to the rail when he recovered consciousness. These thoughts and a thousand others swept through his brain as he lay there, and the sun sank lower and lower behind the hills. The air grew cooler, too, and from afar he heard the shrill, yelping bark of the coyotes answering each other among the cactus and chapparal. So he fell into a kind of stupor, and it seemed as if kind Heaven was at least to spare him the awful shock of sudden death.

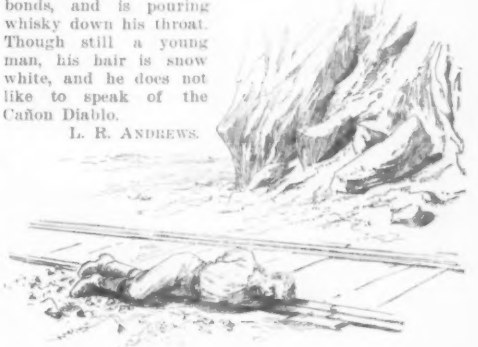
But as the darkness crept on, the heavy dew falling refreshingly on his face revived him, and for an instant he does not realize where he is, cannot comprehend the buzzing noise and the steady "clink! clink!" on the rail which grows louder with each recurring second, until by a mighty effort he turns his head in the rawhide thongs,

softened by the damp air, and sees the bright rays of the headlight piercing a path through the darkness, hears the sonorous, shuddering roar of the exhaust, sees the occasional shower of sparks flying in the air as the ponderous engine with its long train of brilliantly lighted coaches flies onward through the night. No use to try and form a brief prayer! his faculties are stunned, paralyzed by the awful roar of the mighty mass sweeping with resistless energy down on him. But what is this he feels? The ground rocks and heaves under him, as surely no train, however heavy, could cause it to tremble. A deathly sickness seizes him, an indescribable sensation, and in his last moment of life he realizes that it is an earthquake!

The engineer feels it, too.

It is as if his engine was running over innumerable carcasses of sheep, and he applies the air-brakes. Not till the train is at a standstill do the frightened passengers comprehend what is wrong. "Go ahead with your lamp, Bill, and see if the bridge over the cañon is all right," says the conductor to his brakeman. Bill starts off, and presently they see him making excited signals with his lamp. Thinking the bridge is gone, they hurry forward. Bill has already cut the man's bonds, and is pouring whisky down his throat. Though still a young man, his hair is snow white, and he does not like to speak of the Cañon Diablo.

L. R. ANDREWS.



#### NOT ONE OF THE SOREHEADS.

MAURICE M. MINTON, in an article about "The Proprietor of the Herald," writes:

Mr. Julius Chambers, Mr. Edward Flynn, Mr. Thomas Connery and the writer have sat in the *Herald's* managerial chair—which has been quaintly described as being placed "near the throne," and, consequently, "nearer the street."

Each of the above named gentlemen has had a lively experience of the "Young Man's eccentricity." They have never gone to their desk in the afternoon without fearing that a cable from Paris might say, "services no longer required," or "hereafter you will do the police courts and help the office boy fill inkstands."

It is not my business to defend Mr. Bennett, who is well able to take care of himself, but I want to protest against the imputation of being one of "the soreheads." I am not one of them. If I have a grievance against Mr. Bennett it is not for public airing, nor do I think it right to sanction by silence Mr. Minton's assertion that the proprietor of the *Herald* is not a man of generous nature. In money matters no man is more liberal than Mr. Bennett.

T. B. CONNERY.

#### THE WORD COMPETITION.

THERE were one hundred and eighty-three thousand competitors in the word competition, which will give our readers some idea of the amount of manuscript that had to be handled by the examiners. The successful competitor is known, for out of the immense list there were not more than five hundred contestants whose work brought them within the bounds of possible winners, so that the real labor of the examiners was not at all so great as might have been expected. As a matter of course, only one can win; but, as some of our correspondents sensibly wrote, the exercise of the competition was in itself sufficiently useful and interesting to bring its own reward. We hope this view of the matter will be taken by all the unsuccessful candidates.

Two or three lists, which might have been eligible for the prize, arrived after the competition was closed, hence their merits could not be considered.

#### LOVABLE WOMEN.

IN "The Stranger-Artist," the novel that accompanies this issue of ONCE A WEEK, our readers will find faithful pictures of womanly devotion and disinterestedness; glimpses at the work of rescuing the "submerged tenth" of London—a work that has attracted much attention recently in this country; and, in general, the higher possibilities of human nature truthfully portrayed.

Artistically, "The Stranger-Artist" is exceptionally perfect and very pleasing. The movement is rapid, the scenes have an endless variety of light and shade, and we are unconsciously led to think better of our species. From cover to cover, this charming novel contains not one dull chapter.

THE *Times-Union* of Albany, started by Colonel John H. Farrel a short time ago, has bounded into great popularity, having already attained a circulation claimed to be greater than that of any paper published at the capital. It is an evidence of the soundness of running a journal even in a small city on independent, business and news principles.

"TOWN TOPIC'S STORIES" is the name of a neat little volume filled with the raciest of the short stories published from time to time in the paper of same name. Colonel Mann knows how to utilize material and space to the greatest advantage.



THE GREAT LEADERS AND OPPONENTS OF HOME RULE.



## THE NICARAGUA CANAL.



OUR last number contained a page of illustrations of various scenes along or close by the proposed route of the Nicaragua Canal. We give another page this week, with the following interesting letter of our special artist and correspondent, descriptive of his trip from Greytown to Brito:—

On one side sat a Bohemian professor of natural history, on the other a telegraph line constructor; between the man for whom the world consisted of square inches teeming with life, and the other to whom one mile or a hundred only meant a difference of a few more poles and some more wire, the correspondent of ONCE A WEEK was squeezed in, and merely saw things as they appear to most everybody. The perch was the front end of a hand-car which four stalwart negroes from Jamaica were pumping forward along the railroad track that runs



SCENE IN GRENADA.



AN ENGINEERING CAMP.

through the tropical swamp parallel with the Nicaragua Canal line.

Early in the morning we left the railroad camp on Greytown lagoon, and soon after starting a bend in the road hid from view the spit of sand beyond the lagoon, the breakers that were eternally flinging their white spray like a gauntlet of defiance against the long breakwater that protects the entrance to the harbor, and the dredges and machine shops of the Nicaragua Canal Company.

Onward we rolled; sometimes rapidly enough when



INTERIOR OF A MANAGUAN HOUSE.

the road was smooth and sloping, more often slowly as the car brushed heavily against the tall grapes that grew along the track.

The telegraph man kept his eyes on the telegraph line that follows the car track, and further on penetrates the primeval forest along the projected route of the canal until it reaches Castillo, where it connects with the government lines.

Meanwhile the naturalist closely scanned the ground and the bushes along the road, and called attention now and then to a Barla, or alligator ant, an insect whose sting temporarily paralyzes the punctured member, a toboba, or tomagof snake, to be bitten by which means swift, sure and painful death—or some other interesting but undesirable denizen of the tropics.

As to the ONCE A WEEK man, he was simply delighted with the charming vistas of graceful palmettoes and towering foliage trees that often enough were rooted in the slushy soil of stagnant swamps.

For every noxious living thing there were a thousand graceful swamp lilies, a bevy of bril-

liantly colored butterflies, a flock of glistening green paroquets.

A number of deserted engineering camps were passed, mere stacks lightly constructed of saplings and palm leaves, yet they had been for months at a time the sole abode of many of the young engineers whose remarkably minute surveys of the country form a reliable basis for the construction of the canal.

Only eleven miles of railroad have been built so far.

As soon as the present standstill of the work comes to an end by a decision one way or another on the part of Congress authorizing the Administration to take charge of the work or not, this railroad will be extended as far as Ochoa, on the San Juan River.

The most important point which it will touch about midway is the "Divide," a hill through which a cut of three hundred and twenty-eight feet in depth and two miles long will be necessary to provide an eastward outlet for an artificial lake. The latter will be on a level with Lake Nicaragua and one hundred and six feet above tide-water. Its banks will be composed of



A DOMESTIC SCENE ALONG THE SHORE.



LAKE AT CARLOS.

stone dams wherever there is a break in the chain of hills surrounding it.

By means of a canoe we rode up the narrow Deseako River, and after a walk through the damp forest, where a path had to be cut through the luxuriant underbrush with the long knives called "machetes," we reached the base of this dividing hill. The canal line had been chosen in a place where a succession of sparkling waterfalls presented the deepest natural depression.

After a laborious climb up the steep declivity we enjoyed doubly the rough and ready repast of hard-tack with condensed milk and boiled pavo—a sort of wild black turkey that one of the Indian guides had shot.

The clicking of the telegraph instrument, operated by an Indian, ceased; the camp-fire was permitted to burn low, and all of us carefully tucked our mosquito-bars around us as we lay on the rude beds of palm-slats and drowsily listened to the chirp of the crickets and the distant roar of the cougu-monkeys that were greeting the rising of the moon.

In the morning all our clothes were damp with dew, albeit we had a roof of palm-leaves overhead.

Nothing daunted we continued our journey, trusting to the heat to dry us *en marche*.

By means of another canoe ride down the Chanchos (Wild Hog) River we reached the San Juan River, along which the writer continued his journey aboard a steamer belonging to the Nicaraguan Navigation Company.

The journey up this beautiful river would seem extremely slow to an American business man used to a progress of at least fourteen miles an hour even on steamboats; but the leisurely traveler cannot help being pleased by the picturesque places like Castillo, Machuca and San Carlos, where the San Juan leaves the lake. Besides that, the frequent changes from one steamer to the other, which are necessary owing to the shallowness of the stream, afford plenty of entertainment, especially at Machuca, where the rapids are ascended by means of shallow lighters poled by Indian boatmen. It takes an hour and a half to ascend these rapids and only ten minutes to descend them.

San Carlos is built on a promontory that juts out into the lake. A fort crowns its summit. Whoever has seen its amusing garrison of scantily clad, barefooted soldiers, its dilapidated guns and important-looking commander will not wonder at the surrender of the fort to the Revolutionary besieging party under General "Chico" Gutierrez recently, without a shot being fired.

The view from the fort out upon the lake and upon the hazy blue mountains that frame it is very fine indeed.

Instead of sailing along the route across the lake which vessels passing through the canal will take the ONCE A WEEK correspondent traveled to the city of Granada, on the northern shore. In point of external appearance this town is thoroughly Spanish. There are the same white-washed adobe huts, with doors at the corner and bay windows, the overhanging tiled roofs and uneven streets that characterize all Spanish-American towns from New Mexico down to Patagonia.

Managua, the capital, Leon, Masaya, Granada, Rivas, they all look alike. The same endless train of women carrying trays of sweets and fruit on their heads, the lounging "mozos" in wide linen trousers and straw hats, the same old Spanish churches in every one of them. However, in point of natural surroundings there is a vast difference. Granada has the wide expanse of lake with its distant vista of that beautiful conical volcano Ometepe and its sister mountain Madera, and near by Mombocho covered almost to its summit with the rich verdure of coffee plantations. Though Managua is on the lake of the same name, its chief scenic attractiveness is derived from a chain of mountains that are part of and hide Momotombo, the only active volcano in Nicaragua.

As one enters the town by rail from Granada via Masaya, the "lavanderas" that line the shore of the lake, washing linen or combing their children, turn lazily around to have a look at the train, the iguanas run to hide among the lava rocks of which the railroad embankment is constructed, and the *tiste* sellers stop their gossiping long enough to cry their wares.

*Tiste*, the national drink of maize and chocolate mixed with water is drunk everywhere out of carved gourds. The latter are hung on a sort of circular wooden rake. The taste of the drink is very pleasant and its consumption so extensive that not a pound of the immense amount of chocolate manufactured in the country leaves Nicaragua.

After a few days of rambling through the queer streets of Masaya, the old Indian town, and other interior towns, the ONCE A WEEK man journeyed toward Rivas on the top of the ricketiest, queerest old stage coach imaginable. During the entire day's ride from Granada to Rivas the landscape was only visible when the mules were changed. Clouds of dust hid the surroundings from view whenever we plunged along the uneven road.

The canal line is proposed a mile and a half below San Jorge, the lake port of Rivas, and will cut nearly across the narrow isthmus, traversing on its twenty miles of route two artificial basins that are to be also on a level with Lake Nicaragua. From this level three lakes, corresponding to three on the east side, are to lower them to tide water. To Americans the most interesting point in Rivas is the parochial church, the scene of a fearful massacre during the filibustering campaign of General Walker.

A good many of the more enlightened natives declare that it would have been well for Nicaragua if Walker had been successful in his Central American campaign. As it is, nothing but a number of ruins here and there, and a tablet in the main church of Managua, over the grave of some general who had won a battle against Walker, remain to attest to the career of that erratic and brilliant character.

The ride across the hilly country to Brito the western terminus of the canal is pleasant despite the anatomical peculiarities of the native horses. One can never forget the grandeur of the Pacific Ocean as one catches the first

glimpse of it, when suddenly emerging from a forest of scrub oak that fringe the sandy beach.

The sea itself has here gnawed the rocky bulwarks of the land until the engineers' work in making a harbor is reduced to comparatively a trifle.

### LADY ABERDEEN'S CHARITIES.

SOME OF THE PHILANTHROPIC WORKS OF THE WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

She is called "The most charitable woman in the world."



WHEN Lady Aberdeen goes to Canada, next month, with her husband to take her place as the wife of the Governor-General of Canada, there will be at least one long month during which Lady Aberdeen will have to devote her time and her thoughts exclusively to the social duties belonging to her position.

Canada is Queen Victoria's headquarters in this country. And, although she has never crossed the ocean to visit her American domain, she takes a very active interest in all things that concern it, and she regards the post of Governor-General as one of the proudest positions which it is in her power to bestow.

The Marquise of Lorne, who is Queen Victoria's daughter, Louise, ruled Canada for a long time with her husband, the Marquis of Lorne. And, during this reign of the Princess Louise in Canada, there were established many social functions which the wives of the Governors-General who have been appointed since that time have found it necessary to carry out.

One of the first duties of Lady Aberdeen will be to give a series of dinners to the Canadian Parliament. Then there will be a great deal of corner-stone laying, and much ceremonious sending of messages to the Queen, and a general following of all the rules which the Queen in England has laid down for drawing-room etiquette and court use.

But, as soon as Lady Aberdeen has got past the month of inauguration and ceremony, she will devote herself to the numerous charities which have been her pride and her delight ever since she came into public life, now several years ago.

#### THE MOST CHARITABLE WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

When Lady Aberdeen begins her charitable work in Canada she will have attained the proud distinction of conducting charities in more countries than does any other woman in the world. Even the Empress Frederick, who is at the head of twenty-seven benevolent institutions and societies, will have to yield the palm to Lady Aberdeen, because, while the Empress has perhaps more institutions under her charge, these are all in England and Germany. And hence they cannot be as far-reaching in their good as though they were stationed all over the world like Lady Aberdeen's.

Lady Aberdeen has two orphan homes in England, several educational schools in Scotland, more than twenty industrial schools in Ireland, and is the patroness of a Working Girls' Society in this country, and an earnest worker in the Society for Improved Dress, which aims to help working women rather than society people.

#### HER FIRST CANADIAN WORK.

The first Canadian work which Lady Aberdeen will undertake will be the establishment of a society of young girls for the making of Limerick lace. Lady Aberdeen made up her mind to this a month ago when the World's Fair was first opened.

At the Fair there is an Irish village, as you know, in which eighteen handsome, healthy Irish girls are at work upon what is called "The Irish Industries." These girls are called "Lady Aberdeen's girls," because it was she who first suggested to Mrs. Ernest Hart, out of whose private funds the Irish village at the Fair was built, the idea of filling one of the buildings with pretty native Irish girls who should show the American people what the Irish industries are.

These girls make lace and spin the finest kind of cotton cloth. They make butter and cheese, and they serve a very dainty and cheap lunch in true Irish style. All their work is done with Irish ballad music, which they sing while at their tasks.

But the making of the lace is the most interesting of all the things that are done. You can see a crowd of people around the lacemakers all the time. Even on dull days when the wind blows from the lagoon, fairly driving the people before it into the lake, and making furrows in the water a foot deep, the Irish lace building is filled with people who are willing to breast the gale for the sake of seeing the wonderful ways by which the pretty lacemakers turn a spool of innocent thread into the finest and most expensive of lace.

#### HER LOVE FOR IRELAND.

Lady Aberdeen was delighted at the success of her pretty Irish lacemakers, and before she left Chicago, on the 18th of May, she publicly declared her intentions of carrying specimens of the work to Canada and there establishing a society to make lace, just like the lace which is made in Limerick.

Ellie Murphy, who is the prettiest of all the eighteen Irish girls and the swiftest lacemaker on the Shannon, will probably go with Lady Aberdeen as soon as she can be spared from the Fair, and will be the teacher of the Canadian school as soon as it is established. She will also teach the French-Canadian girls a deal of historical folklore, and will instruct them in ballad singing.

There is no doubt that Lady Aberdeen is very partial to Ireland, although she is Scotch by birth, and upon all the World's Fair programmes, when the congress was being held, she gave her residence as "Scotland." But, in a speech which she made at Dublin to some working girls on St. Patrick's Day a year ago, she boasted of having the

blood of the "O'Neills of Tyrone" in her veins, and, when her husband was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1886, she could not conceal her delight at the idea of working among the people for whom she had always entertained so enthusiastic an admiration and so warm a regard. Her work during those years would fill a volume.

#### BE INDEPENDENT GIRLS!

Another branch of Lady Aberdeen's work, and one quite different from the lace-making industry, is the founding of societies for mutual benefit among girls. These societies, which are, indeed, a fad with Her Ladyship, are similar to the Working Girls' Society started by Grace Dodge in New York. As soon as Lady Aberdeen is established in Canada she purposes starting such a society among her immediate working people at Ottawa, and for a while, until the society is firmly established, she will allow its meetings to be held in a wing of the princely residence which the Queen gives the Governor-General for use of himself and wife during their reign in Canada.

Lady Aberdeen is a decided woman's suffragist. While in Chicago she held almost daily conferences with Susan B. Anthony in the national headquarters in the Palmer House, and planned, with that iron-nerved old veteran, new ways of strengthening the suffrage ranks both in England and in America.

Like Susan B. Anthony, Her Ladyship believes that woman's poverty is the source and secret of all her troubles. If a girl marries unhappily, it is because she feels that she must get married in order to be supported, and hence she makes a too hasty selection. And so through the whole rank and file of woman's difficulties. Her poverty is the secret of all that goes wrong. And the lack of a vote is the reason of her poverty.

In the Canadian Society for Working Girls, the plans of which are already developed in Lady Aberdeen's mind, the girls are to be taught to be self-supporting, even though a change of fortune should come to them; and, more than that, they are to earn money after they are married. In this way women will get the right of suffrage sooner, according to Lady Aberdeen's mind, than though they remain dependent, helpless creatures.

Grace Dodge pursues a different plan with her Working Girls' Society, for she does not believe in the suffrage for women. But Lady Aberdeen believes in it most firmly, and her motto for securing it is, "Be Independent Girls."

#### SPENDING HER PRIVATE FUNDS.

The Earl of Aberdeen, whose name is John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, is a rich man in his own right, and his wife is a rich woman through family inheritance. Therefore the Earl will be able to devote nearly all of the fifty thousand a year which he receives for salary to the causes in which his wife is interested.

When the news of his appointment was received in America the Canadian House at Chicago was thrown open for a grand reception to the new dignitaries. But, although plans were laid for a very grand spread and a fine musical programme, both the Earl and the Countess refused to allow so great an expenditure of money on their account, saying that they preferred to have the money go toward the completion of that portion of the Canadian building which is devoted to certain carvings upon wood and wood polishing.

#### THE PRETTIEST THING OF ALL.

In Canada there is a paucity of flowers. It is cold there and not many flowers grow wild before very hot weather. But there is a chance for the cultivation of many plants that grow early in the cold regions of Scotland and Ireland. Great boxes of Scottish heather will be taken to Canada to decorate the residence at Ottawa, and the working people will be given roots of it to plant in their gardens and upon their roofs, where Lady Aberdeen hopes to see shortly a series of gardens as beautiful as those she has established on the roofs of the poor districts of London.

Hardy English ivy, English violets, stocky Irish primroses and all the varieties of Scotch thistles are to be introduced by the wife of the new Governor-General, to the poor people who do not now, generally, enjoy the luxury of a posy until the spring is far advanced. These flowers will bloom in April and May, before the Canadian flowers have come out in their June dress.

#### GLAD TO WELCOME LADY ABERDEEN.

Canadian people, from the swell society of Ottawa and Montreal to the slums in the lumbering districts, will be glad to have Lady Aberdeen come among them. Although her husband has very little more power than the Governor of any one of our States, there devolves upon his wife a set of social duties and a chance for philanthropy which the wives of our Governors do not enjoy.

And so it is that Lady Aberdeen will be welcomed, because it is well known that she will plunge at once into doing whatever seems best for the women of the country, no matter how hard her work may be.

Like the German Empress, she employs poor women to make baby trousseaus; and then gives the trousseaus away. Like Mrs. Gladstone, she keeps a home running for women convalescents who are discharged from hospitals cured, but cannot go to work. Like Madame Carnot, she always has a foundling home in the city where she lives, and has a babies' day nursery connected with it as well. Like Queen Victoria, she gives a certain sum each year, to each and every charity in her town. And, like Mrs. Cleveland, she has a passion for kindergarten work, and personally assists in teaching a schoolroom full of little tots, at least one day every week.

With all of these things in mind, and, in view of the really charming personality of the beautiful woman who is coming among them, is it any wonder that Canadian people are ringing in with joy the new administration, and are cheering Victoria for having made so gracious a selection?

AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.

Sick headaches promptly cured by  
Bromo-Seltzer—Trial bottle 10 cts.





# THE TRAMP MUSICIAN

I.  
"Now, here's a grand piano!  
Its action is complete;  
No blemish mars its polished case,  
Its tone is pure and sweet.  
Before I sell the instrument  
Will some one volunteer  
To try it, so all present  
Its silvery voice may hear?"

II.  
"Come, try it," said the auctioneer;  
"I'll wait a moment more."  
At this second invitation  
There's a stir out by the door,  
And then a man advances.  
See his pale and haggard face!  
Amid that grand assembly  
He seems strangely out of place.

III.  
Upon his thin, worn features  
Dissipation's seal is set,  
And a hungry, wild expression  
Is seen in his eyes of jet.  
His clothes are soiled and ragged,  
His hair uncombed and long:  
Yet on he goes—unmindful  
Of the rich and well-dressed throng.

IV.  
Straight up to the piano—  
He seemed a specter from the tomb—  
A murmur of astonishment  
Is heard around the room;

VIII.  
At last, the whole assembly,  
With taunting jeer and shout,  
Rush forward, madly crying,  
"Let's put the vagrant out!"

V.  
He hesitates one moment,  
Then his fingers touch the keys;  
A few soft notes, whose power sets  
The maddened throng at ease.  
Then a sudden burst of melody,  
And the throng spoke not a word,  
*Beethoven's grandest music*  
*Thrilled the souls of all who heard.*

VI.  
The piano was almost speaking,  
And a voice from heaven above  
Seemed talking, through its trembling  
strings,  
And telling earth of love:  
The lofty strains are ended,  
But the music does not cease;  
For melody follows melody,  
Like a river of endless peace.

VII.  
Listen! he is improvising!  
The throng with wonder look,  
As tones full of joy and sunshine  
Flow on like a laughing brook;  
Breathlessly they listen  
To each melodious strain,  
Now like the warble of singing birds,  
Now like the pattering rain.

VIII.  
The sunlight seems to disappear,  
And night envelops day;  
As slowly, a touch of sadness  
Creeps into the melody.  
The hearts of the throng are melted,  
Their eyes are filled with tears,  
And the past that looms before them  
Seems a life of wasted years.

IX.  
And now comes the sweetest, saddest,  
Grandest song 'neath heaven's dome;  
The air seems sweeter than ever;  
'Tis the melody, "*Home, Sweet Home.*"  
Slower and softer the music,  
Like the wind through treetops sighing,  
Till the faintest murmur lingers,  
As a soul that's sinking—dying.

X.  
Now the music ceases;  
The last note dies away,  
And falling across the keyboard,  
All motionless he lay;  
The auctioneer touched his shoulder,  
But the vagabond's life was done;  
With the dying notes of "*Home, Sweet Home.*"  
*His immortal life begun.*

WM. GRANT BROOKS.

NOTE.—The household goods of a ruined millionaire were being sold at auction and a fashionable assembly of bidders were present. The auctioneer came to a handsome grand square piano, and, as he opened it, he observed that the maker's catalogue price for the instrument was fourteen hundred dollars. Then he invited any one present to try the instrument, so that all might hear its tone.

## TORRENTIAL CALUMNO-PAPER

No. III.

WHEN royal and titled personages come to this country it is probable that nothing bores them more keenly than to be entertained and bowed before by the members of our self-styled "aristocracies." If there is any sort of experience which may prospectively strike them as savorless, it is to meet, for example, the devoted and genuflections of our New York "Four Hundred." I chance to know that with certain English patricians who visit us this indifference and sense of boredom are both frequently acute. They have had a great deal of that sort of thing in their own land; some of them come here with hardly any more definite purpose than to escape it. They don't care a farthing whether Mrs. Amsterdam is more of a leader than Mrs. Manhattan, or whether both shine as twin stars in our fashionable Western firmament. They usually have thought about as much concerning the mere existence of any fashionable Western firmament as we have thought about the politics of Madagascar. What they respect in our country and what they desire to observe, if not actually to study and gain instruction from, is its fine commercial and agricultural progress, its independent social advancement, its quick and spirited impulse toward a large general prosperity. Caste they are tired to death of, or, if they have reverence for it in their own native surroundings, they regard all developments of it here as an amusing incongruity. For the most part, our large towns in the East do not specially interest them. They freely admit the beauties of Central Park, but naturally these are tame to eyes that have seen the Serpentine winding, on a May day, through the very heart of London, and yet bordered for miles with banks of velvet greenness and massive trees of richest foliage. They think, if you please, that our public buildings and hotels and churches are fair and stately, but surely they cannot be expected to rhapsodize over them when for years they have had the Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey, and the Langham, and a hundred other structures, more or less imposing, right at their very elbows. What they ordinarily come here to see and admire and really to take keen delight in, is the boundless magnificence, the dizzying opulence of our midland and western territory. They go home singing the praises of our prairies, and our Rocky Mountains, and our superb California coast, and our splendid shooting, and our glorious northern lakes, and our matchless modes of comfortable and luxurious travel, and our strong, healthy, handsome men and women. But Delmonico balls and

reverential state dinners of twenty courses, and apings of monarchical codes and formulas, and gabble about "first families" and who is "in the swim" and who isn't. "Fudge!" they secretly remark to all of it, for all of it to their graces and their lordships is a very old story indeed. Snobbery in America is just what they haven't wandered hither with the least expectation of meeting, and when they do meet it they are too often shocked, disappointed, and considerably disgusted as well.

I heard not long ago, on very good authority, that when the late Matthew Arnold was in this country, and while he was being driven through Cambridge by certain of its townfolk, he had pointed out to him the very ordinary old New England homestead where James Russell Lowell had spent nearly all his life. Lowell was then our English Minister, and Arnold knew him well. "That is Elmwood!" enthusiastically cried one of the Englishman's companions as the carriage passed a grim square house surrounded by a lawn whose limits are not at all imposing. Arnold, it is related, gazed for several minutes in silence at the recent home of a man whom the owners of castles and halls and manors were now delighting to entertain, amid sweeps of rich-timbered parks into which all Elmwood could easily have been dropped and lost sight of.

"Poor Lowell!" breathed Matthew Arnold, thinking of what our foreign-fetted poet and statesman would soon return to.

That was all. Arnold simply spoke out his sincere, compassionate feelings. I am told that one or two of his listeners thought his ejaculation in the most snobbish and deplorable taste. And yet the chances are that Arnold did not for an instant intend the slightest rudeness. Hatfield House, Chatsworth, Cliveden-on-Thames, and a score of other palatial British homes—what were they beside the almost gaunt plainness of Elmwood? Arnold realized this pungent difference, and spoke his mind with thoughtless yet by no means uncivil candor. Not one of our greatest American millionaires to-day lives with the same splendor of rural establishment as do throngs of the English grandees. The Astors and Vanderbilts may have their villas at Newport and their farms on the Hudson or Long Island Sound; but the Duke of Omnium (as our dear old dead friend, Anthony Trollope, used to call him) has his three, four and sometimes even five magnificent dwellings scattered about through different portions of the "tight little isle," each peopled by a trained horde of servants and retainers, and each encompassed by acres of picturesque and noble domain.

The "Four Hundred," in their frequent ardor to wine and dine distinguished foreigners, forget that they, with all their suavity and hospitality, are of far less account than certain American citizens whose fame has transcended that of mere banquet-giving amphitryons. Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue and Park Avenue may do their best to spread boards groaning with silver and odorous with flowers; but all this grandeur and daintiness have

long ago charmed Lord A—and Lady B—in the parlors of Carlton House Terrace and Belgrave Square. The people who can please their palates are generally tame and insipid to them beside the people whom they have come to get glimpses of as our true and representative Americans. They mostly prefer a half-hour's chat with Edison to all the canvas-back ducks and champagne that may be lavished on them by some toadying plutocrat. They are a great deal more pleased to shake hands with Dr. Holmes than to stand beside panting and exultant Mrs. Pushington Money-penny while she crams her house with the snobs and parvenus eager for their smile. Many of them love to meet and greet Cleveland. Many of them, in former days, were anxious to hold converse with Grant and Sherman and Sheridan. Not a few of them, I am glad to add, have rejoiced in seeing our literary celebrities and our dramatic ones as well. Longfellow's charming country home was for years a Mecca to which many foreign pilgrims constantly and reverentially journeyed. Edwin Booth has been gazed upon with respect and even adulation by their transatlantic eyes. At "Patriarchs' Balls" and "Ladies' Assemblies" they do not meet our men and women of real importance; and they wonder at this, and ask questions as to why America's most notable persons—the persons of whom they have read as famous, the persons who would be sought for and honored at like assemblages in their own country—are excluded from these entertainments. And sometimes one of the snobs of the "Four Hundred" will answer them falsely: "Oh, those kind of persons are not permitted among us nobles and swells." And sometimes one who belongs to the more sensible minority of the "Four Hundred" will answer them, with much greater truth: "Oh, persons of brains and distinction despise us as mere pretensions and purse-proud merry-Andrews." And our foreign visitors heed both opinions, and usually go home with a decided opinion of their own. If that is militant against our social institutions, we have only ourselves to blame for its being so. And when everything has been said, pro and con, respecting our colossal Republic overseas, this one fact incontestably remains: we have given, by the mere emphasis of our foundation and existence as a great republic, certain marked promises in the way of true democracy to those alleged worn-out and effete governments of the Old World; and just how well we are keeping these promises to-day is a question which our tinfoil and chromo-lithograph aristocracy can perhaps answer with eloquent, if unconvincing, earnest. EDGAR FAWCETT.

JOSEPH PULITZER.

LET them say what they like, the owner of the World is proving himself every inch a man. His gift of one hundred thousand dollars to the Columbia College Building Fund, on condition that the money be devoted to the training of a certain number of poor boys to enter college, is an act of princely generosity and worthy of all praise.



A SUNDAY RUSH AT THE WORLD'S FAIR—CROWD OUTSIDE THE GATE.

CARELESSNESS VS. CAUTION.

THE "Curse of Letters" is the strong title that heads a column and a quarter in the last number of *Vanity Fair*. The writer bemoans the guilelessness of correspondents who unbosom their souls to their friends by means of letters, never stopping to think of the possible uses which may be made of the confidential missives. He doubts whether there is any thinking man, who, after the inexorable post-box has received an important letter of his inditing, has not wished to recall it; and, after summing up the melancholy consequences of an impulsive correspondence, clinches the matter by putting this question in an answer-me-if-you-can attitude: "How can sane persons write letters?" Finally, despairing of persuading sane people to abandon the pernicious habit of inditing dangerous epistles, he yearns for a new kind of ink, which, after a month at the longest, will fade away and leave no damning evidence behind.

There are two ways of looking at this question of writing letters. In the first place, whether or not the facts justify the assumption, a sincere correspondent feels in

his absent friend an absolute trust which it would be an act of utter vandalism to seek to destroy. Life is worth living only as long as we preserve our faith in our fellow-creatures.

In the second place, what is written, let it be ever so incautious or effusive, is for the time at least true, and as such has a value and a right to expression which may be criticised but cannot be denied. Lastly, no man of honor and spirit will ever turn pale at the notion of being confronted with his own deliberate statements or with the written expression of his moods and feelings which on reflection he may condemn, but cannot, nor will not, disclaim.

The Ink of Delicacy would no doubt command a high price among men and women to whom, in all the transactions of life, personal safety is a paramount consideration. It would be a convenient medium for the base ends of treachery, cowardice and dishonesty. It would be a boon to the anonymous letter-writer, to the deceitful friend, to the knavish partner, to the unfaithful wife. But men and women who walk in straight

paths and put their trust in their fellows will find the "fast black" good enough for them. The friend may prove faithless and the ink turn State's evidence. What then? Some natures still survive which can rise above worse misfortunes than betrayal and humiliation.

In the case of private letters being made public, unless the matter is in itself disgraceful, the shame is not to the writer, but to the one who fails to honor his confidence and to every one else who reads what was never intended for his eyes. It would be a pity indeed if, out of concession to the bad faith of some, the generous trust of all should be destroyed by a blighting sense of caution and reserve fatal to all the best-prized instincts and motions of the heart. But there is no danger. Courage is not a dead virtue yet. Even in the ranks of much-abused society there are still a goodly number who dare to write what they feel and own what they write, who, far from being intimidated and confounded at the prospect of being quoted in a newspaper or a court of law, are prepared to stand fearlessly before their accusers and say: "I am the man—this is my word; do with me what you will."





AMONG THE RHODODENDRONS IN CENTRAL PARK.



Do YOU remember Lear? Clouds overcast him, forests enshadow him, hurricanes buffet him, tempests pursue him; he walks bent and haggard as had he the two knees of night upon his back. Dismayed and yet grandiose, he throws to the wind, to the hail and rain this epic cry: "Why do you hate me? Why do you persecute me? You are not my daughters!"

Were the sweet princess whom the nation is entertaining a trifle less sunny, a trifle less gracious, very readily might she paraphrase that plaint, and to the people who seem determined that she shall not have a moment to herself, exclaim: "Why do you gorge me? Why do you bore me? You are not my nephew's subjects."

No, indeed, they are not. And it is one of the things for which they may be thankful. Royalty in Spain is an hereditary gout from which the country has suffered ever since it was old enough to think. The first king, it is rumored, was Tubal, fifth son of Japhet. The present is the last. It is quite possible, even, that before that baby has had a chance to memorize all the unkinglinesses of his predecessors, the great surgeon Democracy will have amputated his crown and extirpated that gout forever. Royalty then, you may be sure, will walk Spanish with a vengeance.

The first time the writer had the privilege of seeing the Infanta was at a bull-fight at Madrid. It was a fight famous in the annals of tauromaquia still. The ring was halved by a partition that was fully ten feet high, and in each division the sport—or the torture, if you prefer—was going on. The bull on one side of the partition had disemboweled the usual quota of horses; the bull on the other had done his duty, too. It was time for the barbs. The first bull got them, as is usual, on the neck. That they added little to his happiness was evident. With one beautiful spring he cleared the partition, and for a moment stood almost motionless, his tufted tail swaying nervously, his tongue lolling from his mouth, a mist of vapor circling from his nostrils, seething about his splendid horns, and in his great eyes a look of wonder, as though amazed that men could be crueler than he.

The other bull, meanwhile, looked a trifle astonished, too. He was wondering, no doubt, as to the meaning of this intrusion. But instantly he seemed to know; with lowered head he plunged at his rival, and the two beasts fought, fought rancorously, fought well, fought to an explosion of bravos, to an applause deafening as the thunder of cannon, fought until weariness overtook them and the toreradors jumped on their backs, twisted their horns and threw them down, a sword through their throbbing throats. Over all was the tender blue of the sky of Spain. And in the royal box the smiling Infanta.

Talking of royalty, the appropriation made for the reception of King Cholera is either too large or too small. Too large, if, like certain other potentates, he snubs us and elects to remain away; too small—should he come—to greet him as his rank deserves. For that, a million would be inadequate. A better way yet might be to treat him like a myth. To assimilate him with phantoms such as Semiramis and Hamlet. To deny his existence, and to merely keep a knot in your handkerchief as a reminder that he is about. For fright has ever been more deadly than microbes.

During a recent visitation at Paris the theaters were empty. A manager had the cheek to advertise that his theater was the only safe refuge. That night he sold one ticket. The gentleman who had purchased it declined to take his money back, and insisted—he had the law on his side—that the play should go on. It did go on, and the gentleman hissed. But in hissing he gave arms against himself. The manager called the police, who, under pretext that that hiss had disturbed the performance, put him out.

Speaking of which, in the absence of cholera on the other side, another old epidemic seems to have reappeared there. For the past month hardly a day has passed unmarked by some duel. The advantage of that institution is not entirely clear. In days remote, when the distinguishing mark of a gentleman was the sword at his side, it was natural that that sword should be used. But with the disappearance of weapons, of armor, too, and the canons of chivalry as well, the duel has become as archaic and ridiculous as red-heels and perruques. Men used to insult each other just as they drank themselves under the table—for the fun of the thing. They don't any more. Besides, a gentleman cannot be insulted except by his equal, and his equal will not insult him. Yet should he by accident do so, it is easy to remember that an insult ignored insults the insulter more than the insulted. In spite of this, in spite of the common sense views prevailing in almost all civilized countries and in some which are semi-barbaric as well, the duel survives, as titles do, as royalty does, and will no doubt continue to survive until Europe gets to understand that dignities have never yet decreased the length of the ears, and that men may dishonor themselves, but not others.

This understanding is slowly yet surely permeating that center of dueldom—Germany. At the universities dueling is a sport, much as football is here, only far less dangerous. In the army it is rigorously inhibited. But such is still the force of public opinion that a German officer whose honor has been impugned gets cashiered if he does not fight, and three months' imprisonment in a fortress if he does. Here, of course, and in England all

that sort of thing is dead as Coptic. It is really only in France that it is noticeable, and there only among people who like to see their names in print. Does a young journalist aspire to recognition promptly he publishes a libel concerning some prominent author. The prominent author sends a challenge, the next morning the twain cross swords, a formal account of the proceedings is given to the newspapers, the prominent author sells a few more copies of his last book, the journalist has his salary raised—every one is contented and no one hurt.

Recently at an affair of this kind it happened to rain and the duelists fought each with a sword in one hand and an open and protective umbrella in the other. A duel was all very well, but a cold in the head a thing to be avoided.

One of the most interesting duels that never occurred was the famous altercation between Baron Machin and General Chose. The baron had been on the field time and again, he had fought with reason and without—in fact, he was a duelist by profession. One evening he sauntered into a billiard-room. General Chose, a little gray man, was drinking coffee in a corner. The marker was playing with a customer. The baron demanded that the table should be given to him. The marker expostulated. The baron insisted. The marker was about to yield when the general, in a sweet and silvery voice, informed him that if he gave up the table he would break the cue over his head.

"Oho!" cried the baron, "that is your tune, is it? Do you happen to know who I am, sir?"

"Yes," the general, in the same sweet and silvery tone, replied. "Yes; you are Baron Machin, the celebrated duelist."

"And do you still object to my having the table?"

"More than ever."

"In that case I must regard your opposition as an insult, and I demand reparation. Will it suit you to meet me to-morrow at this hour?"

"It will not only suit, it will delight me," the general answered. Then, turning to the table, he added:

"Marker, take the baron's measure."

The marker stared; the baron also.

"Here," he continued, drawing, as he spoke, a bank-note from his pocket, "here are five hundred francs. Go to the undertaker's next door, and, in my name, order a first-class funeral for Baron Machin. First-class, do you hear? I know it costs more, but this is only on account. Order the very best; do you understand me, marker?"

The baron smiled. "It seems to me, sir," he exclaimed, "that you might leave that to my family."

"Not at all, baron. Your family, I hear, is poor, and the funeral they gave you might not be suited to your rank. Besides, I have killed twenty-two men in duels, and I have always paid the expenses. I like to. Oh, rely on me, you shall be nobly buried. I want those who see the hearse to exclaim: 'My! My! Whose fine funeral is that?' Then the marker will say: 'This, gentlemen, is the funeral of the celebrated duelist, Baron Machin. He tried to be domineering and overbearing and got killed by General Chose for his pains.' It will be an excellent example, I can assure you. . . . Au revoir, baron, till to-morrow. You have the choice of arms."

Then, turning again to the marker, he added:

"Don't forget—first-class. Let everything be of the best. There is nothing too good for the baron."

And with a bow of great courtesy he rose and disappeared.

On the morrow he returned, ordered a cup of coffee and resumed his former seat. A moment later the baron entered and approached him.

"General," he began, "when I was here yesterday I had been dining. To-day I offer you my apologies; pray accept them."

"Marker," called the general, "just run in to the undertaker and say that the baron's funeral is indefinitely postponed."

The marker grinned as only markers can.

"I took the liberty of waiting further orders, sir. Here is the bank-note you gave me."

Picking up a newspaper the general nodded sagaciously.

"Very good," he muttered. "Pay for my coffee out of it and keep the change."

The statement in one of our metropolitan journals that Vernet's picture of the Arab is on view at the Fair is supplying. There may be a copy of it there, but the original hangs in the Luxembourg, from which not death nor the taxgatherer could extract it. What the copy may be is immaterial; the real picture is quite small and represents an Arab riding a mule with a gory lion-skin for saddle. The mule is crossing a brook which you almost hear singing to the pebbles. The man, his head raised, is gazing abstractedly at the blue of the sky, at the scarlet and purple of climbing plants, at the green of an adjacent forest.

Such is the picture. But it has a story connected with it that is worth relating.

The Arab Vernet met in Algiers, just as he painted him, calm and indifferent, on muleback, having but a moment before killed and skinned a lion.

It happened in this way. The Arab had been at work in a little field. His wife and child were seated the throw of a stone beyond. Suddenly the woman shrieked; and well she might—there was a lion beside her. The Arab made a spring at his gun, but his wife motioned him to be quiet, and catching the child in her arms she turned and confronted the lion.

"Ah, coward!" she cried, with her hand upraised and menacing. "You attack defenseless women and children, do you? And you think you can frighten me, do you? But you can't. I know you well. Why don't you go off there where my husband is with his gun. You don't dare, do you hear that? You don't dare. You are a sneak; it is you that are afraid. Get out of here, hyena! be off

with you, jackal! You may have a lion's mane, but you have a coward's heart."

Thus insulted, the lion withdrew. Unfortunately, however, in withdrawing he met the Arab's mother, knocked her down and began to lunch off her arm. In response to her cries, the Arab ran up, and, inserting the muzzle of his gun in the lion's ear, shot him dead.

That is the story which Vernet used to tell, and he was accustomed to add that the Arab did not seem in the least moved at being an orphan, or in the least excited at having killed a beast at once so ferocious and eccentric.

Stupid as a pianist, is a simile at once apt and exact. A man like Paderewski, who divides his time between practicing in private and performing in public, has little leisure for the study of differential calculus, cuneiform inscriptions or any one of the other thousand subjects of which a proper understanding is the manifest characteristic of a cultivated and sprightly mind. Nevertheless, before sailing for other shores Paderewski managed to get off a little jest. It was a poor thing, and not his own. Yet, uttered by an artist as surprising as he, it is not undeserving of record.

Whether by bribe, by flattery or by both, history does not aver; but by some means a mother and daughter managed to gain access to his sanctum. The mother was proud of her daughter, as mothers will be, and as for the daughter, she had aspirations. She had been taught to play, she thought she played well, and, to make a long story short, she ardently desired Paderewski's opinion of her prowess. She came, then, saw the piano and attempted its conquest. Paderewski listened, or appeared to, while the mother beat time approvingly. At last, with a final crash, the girl rose from the stool, and the mother flushed with pleasure.

"Tell me," she whispered to the artist. "Tell me in confidence. What do you think of her?"

Amiably the artist rubbed his hands.

"I think she must be very charitable."

"Charitable? Charitable?"

"Yes," Paderewski sweetly repeated. "Charitable. She lets not her left hand know what her right hand doth."

Edgar Saltin

#### C. P. HUNTINGTON'S NEW HOUSE.

THE solidity of construction of this large house reminds one of a treasury. Its deep-sunk portal and grilled windows are indications of its strength.

The narrow portion of the structure being on Fifth Avenue and the front on Fifty-seventh Street, gives the finest idea of the house to a visitor as he comes down Fifth Avenue. The façades are not only ornate, but the roof and chimneys have a degree of finish in harmony with the general structure rarely met with outside of the French capital. The chimneys represent a pediment and frieze supported by Corinthian columns upon a liberal base that disappears in a glazed tile roof of red. The windows are correct Roman porticoes in reduced form. The keystones to the lower stories are unique for their semi-concealed faces, carved in partial relief.

The art gallery and dining-room proper are in a structure, architecturally speaking, by themselves, resembling somewhat the nave of a Gothic church, in shape only. The stairway half buries itself in the rear of the main structure, and will be lighted in its spiral upward by cathedral windows on a base line with the stairs.

The whole structure has a dull finish like that upon China silk, which will convey an idea of its intrinsic value without glitter.

There is nothing of any kind, architecturally speaking, about the structure that is not pure, and it is made of the material it should be to be a perfect structure.

There are no copper or zinc cornices to convey an idea of ornamentation at a reduced rate, but the deep coping and balcony railing are stone prepared with the same amount of care as the stonework nearer the ground. The great fireplaces are especially artistic and striking, being female figures a little more than life size, whose arms support a pediment and table of highly ornamented syenite, with its dull but very attractive finish. The figure supports blend themselves into a pediment at the point where their feet would appear into a pediment of the same proportions. The mechanical detail of the structure will be of the same power as an ordinarily sized hotel, whose various departments may be called on at any moment, day or night.—(See page 12.)

#### MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S NEW HOUSE.

MR. C. VANDERBILT'S new house is practically an open text-book on art, and it will, no doubt, remind the reader very strongly of Chateau Blois, which it strikingly resembles. The central body of the structure calls to mind the old chatelet, about which the new Chateau of Chantilly is built.

Every branch of art is drawn on to the utmost limit for the best productions of every country. Unlike the Duke of Portland's Welbeck Abbey, Mr. Vanderbilt's enormous sub-cellars are given up to mechanics.

A battery of boilers, hydraulic plant, ice machines, nest of dynamos, sufficiently powerful to heat, light, water and freeze a village of twelve hundred people, occupy the entire sub-structure.

The entrance finds you in a forest of columns of various colors, which by their number convey an idea of great distance.

The grand staircase, which is built in a square tower by itself, reminds one of an Indian temple, with its four minarets connected with a spiral band of lace made of white marble, from which you receive an impression of great height.

A luxurious smoking-room will provide Oriental luxury, with a combination of American ingenuity in fragrant herbs and mint, of which there will never be a corner, but which is cozy.—(See page 12.) C. B.





BY JOHNSON BURT.

## VII.—STRICTLY BUSINESS.

"I HATE to do it, but it must be done," said Mr. Peter Burrow to himself one evening, after studying his face in the mirror for a full half-hour. He looked as if he fully meant what he said, too, for his countenance, which usually indicated that Mr. Burrow was fairly satisfied with himself and the course of his affairs, now showed plainly that things were not going as they should. And yet the bedchamber in which he sat was expensively furnished, and in the best taste of the best upholsterer whom Mr. Burrow knew. Its occupant was well dressed, he had at his elbow a bottle of champagne and the odor of a high-priced cigar was pervasive. Mr. Burrow was well off, as every one knew who would listen to him ten minutes; he had half a million dollars invested in his business, which yielded several times as much as legal interest on the money, and he had an affectionate daughter who might have been married had not her father objected to her several suitors.

Mr. Burrow was a widower, but it was not his bereft condition that troubled him, for as he continued his soliloquy he remarked:

"Mary was a good wife to me, and I was very sorry when she died; but really, now, at my time of life—forty-five years old and not looking it unless everybody lies—I think I can be happier without a wife. If I marry again, my wife must have a lot of my time, while now it's all my own when business doesn't claim it. A man of my age, member of two or three good clubs and with plenty of money, can enjoy life much better single than married, and he needn't do anything out of the way, either. But for the sake of my daughter—bless the girl!—I shall have to marry Mrs. Mellerton. Rose thinks there's no one like her, and I suppose I might think so, too, if I were ten years younger. Handsome woman; perfect manners; not a breath against her; and—hang her!—in better society than my money seems able to buy Rose's way into unless I marry her.

"She'll be an expensive investment, though. She knows her worth, if ever a woman did, and she doesn't seem to have much money of her own, unless she's modest about what her husband left her. She tells Rose it's only by economy that she gets along, but none of the swells seem to think any the less of her on that account. She would put dear Rose among the very best people, which poor Mary never was able to do, and which I can't do, while I'm about the same as a bachelor. The dear girl deserves a chance, and she shall have it; but I wonder if she imagines what a stepmother like Mrs. Mellerton will cost? The woman won't be satisfied with less than an equal right in my income; she's got the business eye of a man. Well, there's no use in grumbling; I must do it if the fair widow will have me, about which I guess there isn't much doubt. I'm not bad-looking, I'm decent, and everybody knows what I'm worth. She's not the kind to go into ecstasies over me or any other man, but I do believe she'd be entirely square; her face is honest as well as smart. Well, if I do propose, I must be strictly business—no nonsense, to give her a grip at my throat through my heart. I'll be entirely respectful, but as cool as if I were taking a business partner. Let me see—how would I put the question in such a case?"

Mr. Burrow thought hard for a few moments; then he arose with a start, began to change his easy dress for an evening suit, and exclaimed:

"I may as well do it at once, and have the thing settled and off my mind."

When he was ushered into Mrs. Mellerton's parlor, half an hour later, Peter Burrow was half inclined to make some excuse and hurry away before the lady could come down. It was his first visit, although he had occasionally met the lady elsewhere, in company with his daughter, and he was overcome by the effect of the room itself. It couldn't be due to expense, for Peter had priced all sorts of things devised for parlors, and he knew that what he saw around him, although not common, could not have been very costly; but it did have an effect which made the Burrow parlor appear glaring and shabby in their owner's memory. Of course Mrs. Mellerton's taste deserved all the credit; probably she would want to refurnish his house, when she became its mistress, in similar style. Well, if she would keep the expense down, what would have to be taken out of the house might help pay the cost. Still, it would be hard to talk matrimony in a strictly business way to a woman who had so much taste. Taste implied delicacy of feeling—Peter was not too hard-headed to see that—and it wouldn't do to make a mistake in the matter, for the principal sufferer would be his darling daughter.

Mrs. Mellerton floated into the room in a few moments, and Peter's heart weakened a little. He had heard that women of the world always knew in advance when men were going to propose; was that the reason she looked so amazingly handsome? She didn't seem to look inviting, though; perhaps that was another proof that she knew what was coming, and another proof, confound her! that she had a keen eye to business.

"All right!" thought Peter to himself, and quickly became his business self again. "Two can play at that game, my lady, and though I wish you well, I'll look out carefully for No. 1."

Mrs. Mellerton asked after Mr. Burrow's daughter, and Mr. Burrow asked what Mrs. Mellerton thought of the last new play, and he tried hard to bethink himself of some general topic of conversation just for the purpose of breaking the ice more widely; but as none would come

to mind, he opened bluntly upon the business he had come to arrange.

"Mrs. Mellerton," said he, "I suppose you have scores of admirers, but none of them is sincerer than I. I know of more of your good qualities than some others, I'm sure; for I've heard so much about you from my daughter Rose."

"Rose is very kind," said the lady, without a sign of embarrassment. "I take it as quite a compliment when I am specially liked by a woman so much younger than I."

"Very little younger, my dear madam—very little," said Peter, gallantly. "No woman is older than she looks."

"Really, Mr. Burrow," replied the lady with a pretty smile, "I never imagined you were a flatterer. You have always the air of a man who thinks only of business and other matter-of-fact things."

"You've got me down fine, madam—excuse me, I meant to say that you're evidently a keen observer of human nature. Well, to tell you the truth, I do think principally of business, and of everything in a business way. It may not be the most fashionable way, but I think as a rule it's the safest."

"If it were more generally followed there'd be fewer blunders made in the world," the lady admitted.

"Thank you, my dear madam; I thank you greatly, for what you have just said will enable me to speak with you frankly on the subject that brought me here this evening. As I've already said, you're no admirer who is sincerer than I; and I know your worth better than others, through much that my dear child has said to me. For my daughter's sake, madam, I think I ought to marry again."

"Is that the only reason, Mr. Burrow?" asked the lady. Peter declared to himself afterward that there was no change in the lady's manner as she said this, yet there was something in her voice that made him shiver. He made haste to reply:

"Certainly not, my dear madam. To be accepted in marriage by a good woman is a special honor to any man; but—well, the truth is, I am so full of business cares and so little of a society man that I don't know that I should have dared to think of changing my condition had I not been urged by a sense of duty to which I gladly conform my own feelings. Regarding myself, I cannot with propriety say more than that there is nothing against my character, that I highly respect womanhood, and that I am a man of means—not rich, as riches are counted in New York, though what I may become remains to be seen."

Peter thought this a very shrewd conclusion to his speech. He was willing to make a marriage settlement, in specified dollars and cents, but he wanted to forestall an exorbitant demand.

"Your business and personal reputation are quite high, Mr. Burrow," said the lady, "but—I beg your pardon—but did you purpose to consult me about any particular lady of my acquaintance?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Peter, opening his eyes very wide; "is it possible that I have failed to make you understand that I am proposing to you?"

"Excuse my stupidity," murmured the lady, "and accept my thanks for the honor."

"Er—don't mention it," said Peter, hurriedly; he wasn't going to be accepted off-hand, without first having a distinct business understanding. "Now, my dear madam, I trust you entirely and would hope for the same confidence in return. Both of us have our habits and associations fixed; I shouldn't object to any of yours, but grant you your own way in everything, and expect the same concession to my own tastes. I shouldn't expect to drag you about as a mere appendage of Mr. Peter Burrow, nor should I want to be tied to your apron-strings. Let each be satisfied to give all that courtesy and honest esteem demands. In lieu of dower I would allow you ten thousand a year in cash. Of course I should provide for my house—our home—in such manner as my means and social position, and my duty to my wife and daughter, would require. Business before sentiment, my dear madam. How does my proposition strike you? I believe I've been entirely frank and straightforward."

"You certainly have," said Mrs. Mellerton, with a smile that made Peter wonder whether he hadn't been too much so. He therefore made haste to say:

"I spoke as I did because I have always imagined you a woman of unusual business head. I beg you'll accept that as a compliment."

"I certainly shall, and will be as frank as you. It is quite evident to me that you want to advance your daughter's comfort and her social prospects, and at the same time remain as free as possible yourself, and above all things retain full control of your property. I couldn't think of marrying on such conditions; and yet I may be able, for a proper consideration, to enable you to have your way, and at somewhat less expense than you have shown yourself willing to incur."

"I don't—think I—understand you," stammered Peter.

"Let me explain. First, let me have your word—your business word of honor—that not a word of this conversation shall ever be repeated elsewhere."

"You have it, madam—please go on."

"There are respectable women, of good family but small means, who would be glad to take your name and home. For, say, the sum of five thousand dollars I will arrange such a marriage for you. For the further sum of five thousand dollars per year I will devote myself to getting your daughter into the society which she deserves, and to which her character and accomplishments really entitle her. You have done very well by her, Mr. Burrow; out the time has come when she should have further advantages which you cannot give her except by providing a feminine head for your house, so that the girl may entertain as well as be entertained. I will further agree, without extra compensation, to do my best to procure for the dear girl a proper husband, my salary to cease on Rose's marriage day."

Peter Burrow was usually quick at estimating the value of business offers, but Mrs. Mellerton's proposition staggered him—not so much through its terms as its source; but finally he succeeded in saying, rather meekly:

"Excuse me, but why would it need two women to look after my daughter's future prospects?"

"It wouldn't, were you to marry some one who would be equal to both positions; but it is very clear that you don't want such a mate—she would cost you too much. She would want to entertain very largely on her own account after the young lady were off her hands, and would consume more of your time and money than would please you. Don't you see? It is quite evident that you want merely a quiet, unexacting mistress for your house—one who would be satisfied with a humdrum life after there were no young lady at home to be cared for. Of course I would give her great assistance, without seeming to, while she were performing her special social duties for your daughter's sake."

Peter stared long and admiringly at Mrs. Mellerton; then he was rude enough to slap his knee as he exclaimed:

"Well, if you're not the—why, my dear madam, I never knew a cooler business head on a man's shoulders—no, ma'am. I must admit that you've taken my measure—exactly; but—gracious!—to think of the way it came about, and the coolness and quickness with which you've planned everything! It's simply wonderful."

"Thank you, Mr. Burrow. There aren't many business avenues open to a woman in society, so I've chosen the one to which I think my business abilities are best adapted."

"Why, do you mean to say," exclaimed Peter, again opening his eyes very wide, "that you've done something of this sort before?"

"I'm pleased to say that I have arranged several marriages between middle-aged people that have resulted satisfactorily to all concerned, and that I have helped several young girls—only deserving girls—into society, and to worthy husbands, and that no one except those most closely concerned has ever known that I was financially interested."

"You're a wonder—and a jewel," Peter exclaimed. "I accept your offer—both offers—and you may begin business as soon as you like. I wish, though, you'd reconsider my first proposition, or one twice as good. Marry me, and you shall have twenty thousand a year instead of ten."

The lady shook her head and smiled.

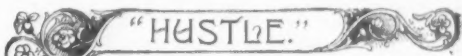
"I'll make it twenty-five; that's really as high as I ought to go, though I want to do you full justice."

"If that is really true, Mr. Burrow, and I don't doubt you mean it, do me the justice to see that I'm not a woman who can be bought or sold."

"I humbly beg your pardon," said Peter, "and to show my sincerity I'm willing to promise further to make you my equal partner in all things."

"Thank you, but—marriage ought to be far more than a business partnership, and we, together, would be too business-like to make it anything else."

"I do believe you're right," Peter admitted, after thinking a moment.



You may tell that story about the hare

And tortoise as oft as you will;

I know that the man who "hustles" gets there,

Ahead of the one who sits still.

Of course he stumbles who goes too fast,

But I'd rather blunder and fall,

Yet reach my goal somehow at last,

Than never get there at all.

The slow, methodical, cautious man,

Who is always decrying haste,

Who never achieves, but is great to plan—

Well, he isn't the man to my taste.

In watching mankind I have noted this fact,

And I hold it a truth indeed:

To be rapid in thought, and steady in act,

Is the very best way to succeed.

But then we are not all built that way,

And the next best thing in life's tussle,

Toward winning the prize is to be, I say,

The one who is willing to "hustle."

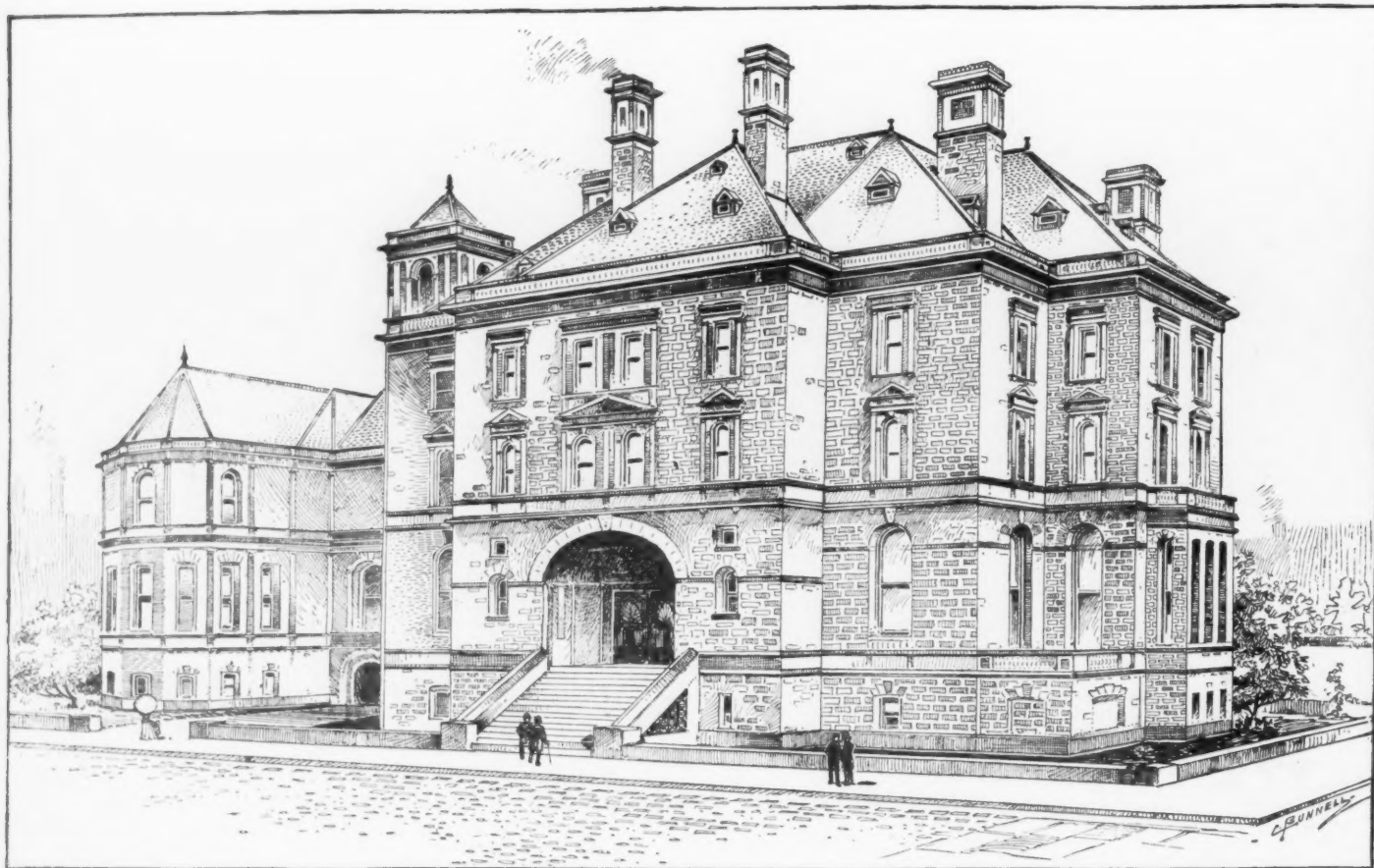
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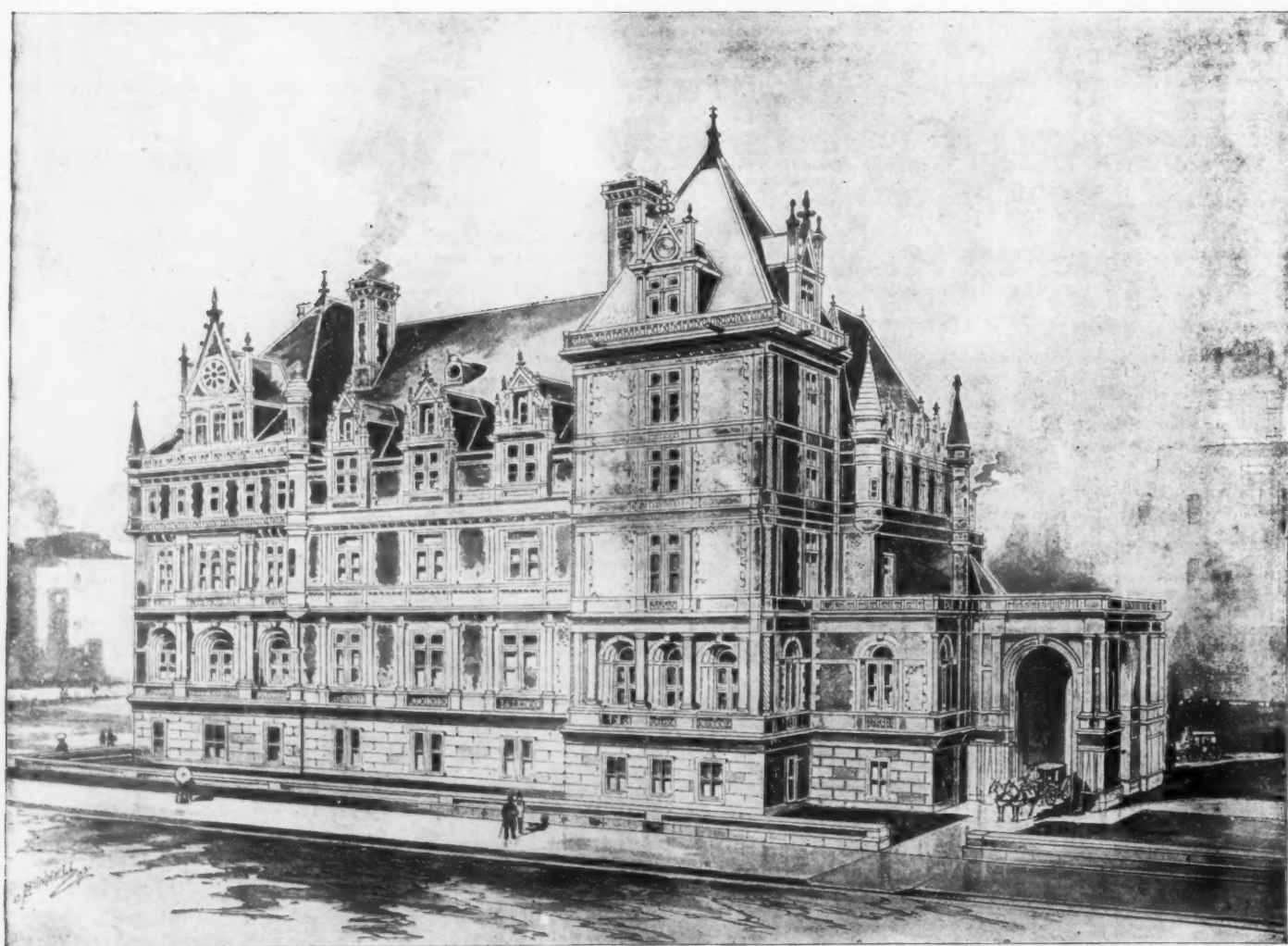


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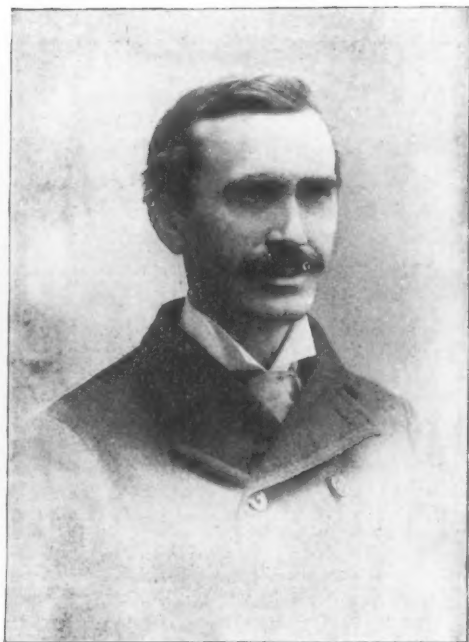
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BATTALION DRILL OF ST. XAVIER'S STUDENTS.



CADET LAWRENCE REUGH.

#### CUI BONO?

THE "national vice" of gregariousness—for so it is written down in the *Atlantic Monthly*, by H. C. Merwin—has surely put on immortality at the World's Fair, for there and now, if nowhere and never before, men and women do congregate and congregate and congregate for all kinds of purposes, rightly or wrongly conceived as bearing directly on the welfare of the human race. In consequence whereof, the reader of the daily papers, who in general is of a retiring disposition, is laid up with mental indigestion from a surfeit of reported speeches and addresses on every possible subject.

It may seem ill-natured to cavil at a scheme which makes so openly and exclusively for philanthropic ends; but without feeling the least disposition to be satirical at anybody's expense, the patient reader is, in all seriousness, forced into a deep soliloquy with *Cui bono* for a text.

The results of the Woman's Congress especially have furnished much food for thought and reflection, other than what was deliberately excited by the discussions which took place. It has been shown—with a vengeance, indeed, in some directions—what the world is to expect from the emancipated and advanced woman of the future. Great preparation was made, great expense incurred to secure this triumphal exhibition of feminine capacity and independence. With what result? There have been glowing reports in the papers of the different addresses which have been delivered. Unstinted eulogy has fallen to the share of the principal workers; but has the world really been convinced that the woman's rôle in life is definitely re-cast? Has all this flaunting of her excellences from the housetops raised her a whit in the estimation of men? Or has the well-established fact of her independence and general

superiority to the rest of the world yielded, even to herself, the expected amount of satisfaction? When the speech is over and the crowd is dispersed and the hall is empty and silent, does the triumph survive? Has the memory of it power to warm and thrill the heart in the lonely hours of the night, or to lift up the spirit when trials and losses bear heavily on it? Has it an infinitesimal fraction of the value of a glance from loving eyes, of the sympathy of a trusty friend, of the touch of a baby's hand upon the cheek? Let who can and will answer these questions. They are not put in a spirit of unkindness. They are evoked by the events of the hour and will not down.



CAPTAIN PAUL BOYNTON GIVING AN EXHIBITION OF WATER WALKING ON THE THAMES, LONDON.

"When the start was made, soon after three o'clock, amid great applause, some of the walkers fell and had to be rescued, others clung on to convenient craft; but the majority, looking like cats in walnut-shells, traversed the whole distance in safety and with credit, being encouraged from start to finish by continuous cheering from wharf, embankment, barge, wherry and steamer."

ger business to Chicago last week exceeded their highest anticipations concerning it. They are fast approaching the point where they will have to put on additional trains to take care of the business. They are now adding as many extra cars on their trains as the locomotives are able to haul. All of them are crowded, and the only relief from the present pressure is the running of additional trains. Reports from agents at outside points indicate that the increase will be much larger in the near future, and before the end of the month all the equipment at the disposal of the roads will be required to move the business.



WESTERN roads report that the increase in passen-

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If you wish your infant to be well nourished, healthy, bright, and active, and to grow up happy, robust, and vigorous.

The BEST FOOD for Hand-fed Infants, Invalids, Convalescents, Dyspeptics, and the Aged is

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### WITH EDISON AT ORANGE.

"AFTER all, it is astonishing how little we know of anything in this world."

The man who said this has for a generation devoted his superb resources to inventions in the departments of telegraphy, telephony, electric light, electric power and electric heat, and has been successful, even beyond the wildest dreams of a Jules Verne, a Lytton or a Bellamy. Through his genius ours has been the first generation, in all the centuries, that has been able to transmit its tones, with every thrill, tremor and quaver, to the limitless years of time.

And yet Thomas A. Edison is telling me, with a movement of that great, shaggy head, and almost a pathetic accent in his voice, that he realizes at last how little knowledge it is for the race to command. "My work," he is saying, "takes me into the practical and commercial fields. There are some who are devoted to the discovery of principles of science, content to work a lifetime, then hand their labors over to their next successor; these scholars are deserving of the highest praise; but, as for me, I am what might be termed a scientific inventor. I lay tribute upon all manner of science in my investigations, but make no special study of any branch. And still, as I said, I find as the years pass that what we may know in this world is extremely limited. New fields? Yes, on every hand! I find, as my experiments proceed, that I soon reach the limit of written knowledge, and then there stretches before me a wide, vast region whose bounds are beyond human ken. Many are the little side paths that suggest themselves to me; I would like to follow; but life is too short and time is too pressing."

Thomas A. Edison is graying fast. His thick, abundant hair, once of a splendid brown shade, is now silvered with the flight of time. There is a peculiar life and fire in his large, clear gray eyes, and a rushing vigor of attack in his firm-set mouth. In his pallid complexion there are the characteristic marks of the night-worker. His form is erect, with a comfortable fullness in the region of the waist.

Indomitable, restless vigor characterizes the man. He entered the room with double-quick steps. He piloted me over his laboratory in much the same haste. When he shook hands at parting, he bounded, three steps at a time, up a long stairs to his study. Work is his god! His life proves, among other events, that genius is largely a capacity for unending diligence. Listen to this speech:

"Over in Paris where I made my exhibit they thought us crazy; me and all my boys. We worked night and day to get our things in place. When we were tired out, we would drop off to sleep in our places, while some kept up the fight over night. The Frenchman had never seen the like and marveled greatly."

"Have I any regular hours of work? No; I rise between six and nine; I used to work

harder once than I do now; but whenever I am especially interested in any campaign I keep at it for days, for weeks. Then I sleep in the factory; I have rooms here. I taught many of the boys how to work. I tell you, though, some of them were put beneath the daisies learning that hard lesson."

Mr. Edison said this with a strange smile.

"Tesla," said Edison, "was once in my employ; he was with us at Paris; he had worked with his boots on. After the rush, a friend took him to a famous restaurant for a dinner. 'Order what you please,' was the remark of my friend. 'Well,' said Tesla, 'I will have a steak.' They brought him a great Chateaubriand. Do you know what that is? It is a steak within a steak, as it were, something like a sandwich, and is as thick as your hand. Tesla ate gingerly, about one-tenth. 'Well,' said my friend, 'will you have something else?' You may eat what you please, you know; an éclair, ice cream, what shall it be?" Tesla thought a moment, then said in the most innocent way in the world: 'I think I will have another steak!'

"What do I think of Tesla's experiments, to give us light without heat? Well, the young man has produced some extraordinary, even brilliant effects in that direction; but I cannot say that the principles are new. Nor do I see any commercial development in them. Beyond this I do not care to speak at present."

Mr. Edison has a fashion of making pictures in the air, by waving his hands, when he talks. This shows how brown his hands are. It also serves to reveal how wearing his experiments are on his linen and on his clothes. As like as not his cuffs bear the marks of recent grime and stain, the counterpart of which is on the sleeves of his comparatively new, small-checked, gray business suit. Those who know him best say that he often spoils a suit of clothes in a week, or in a day. Wrapped up in his studies, he plunges headlong into tasks that bring him in contact with dirt, machinery, acids and the usual lees of a factory.

"I am not working in electricity now," he says. "I am principally interested in my electro-magnetic ore separator. I have left that to some of the boys, but they have not done well; now I am going to solve the problem myself; it will be a campaign that will be of the utmost commercial importance, and, I trust will be successfully fought out by October. By my plan, crushed iron ore is allowed to fall in a steady stream from a hopper past the poles of an electro-magnet, which attracts the iron particles and causes them to curve away and fall into a bin. The non-magnetic substances, being uninfluenced by the magnet, fall straight, and are collected beneath the hopper. This method of working ore is claimed to be the simplest yet devised, and will make commercially possible the working of classes of ore which are too poor for other methods. No; there is nothing romantic in the ore separator. I am now at work on an experimental factory, up near Dover, where three hundred men are putting in the new plant."

Mr. Edison possesses the faculty of suddenly lifting a commonplace conversation into grand realms of imagining. Such a change came when the talk happened on forces—that is, modes of energy.

"There is a world of unknown power about us," he said, "of which at present we are entirely ignorant; yet I am as sure that these forces exist as I am of the fact that we are talking together at this moment. As too, the grandest truths are the simplest, let me ask you a simple question. It is a query which I once put to the most learned specialist in France. His answer was a dreary shake of the head. Maybe your experience or your imagination may serve in better stead. Did you see that?" As the Wizard spoke, he fluttered aloft his brown right hand, and slowly, but with a quick pulse, bent, then again straightened, the first finger.

"Did you see that?" he repeated. I nodded, glanced appealingly, to catch a smile playing about his mouth, as he asked intently this riddle:

"Well, what made that finger move?" I did not quite catch the idea when Mr.

Edison held up his finger and moved it to and fro. He explained:

"The finger is moved by the energy of the beefsteak. Now, if we could only know what that is! It is infinitely finer, infinitely more comprehensive, infinitely more potent than any other form of energy of which I am cognizant; and yet—well, it is beyond us all."

"Have we new senses? Yes; all the while facts are unfolded, a little here, a little there, tending to reveal many new channels through which both man and the lower kingdom live and have being. Did you ever see a bat whirl around and around a room? Now, a bat has no eyes, and yet it never hits anything. It has a sense which man lacks. Then consider how a bloodhound will track a man, sometimes hundreds of miles! There, too, is a sense which man has not. Beyond the world of the known lies the unknown; beyond the world of the seen lies the great world of the unseen. I would like to look into these strange incidents of every-day life, but my work always has a definite object, from which it has long been my rule never to depart; maybe some day I may."

I asked Mr. Edison if he could not do something for newspaper workers, by combining the phonograph and the typewriter, so that language could be, immediately, transformed into the printed page. He grasped the idea at once in all earnestness, saying quickly: "I never thought of that; but I will tell you the first drawback; that is, that each man would register a different tone in the phonograph for the same sound; the peculiarities of accent, the intonations, would produce different and varying effects. What you would have to do would be to deal in some sort with thought. If you only could do that! If you could know what thought really is! I have experimented in that direction already. Once Charles Batchelor, an assistant since 1870, and I, tried to see if we could tell what we were each thinking of; we had bands of various metals strapped about the forehead, and then connected them with tubes, filled with various chemicals. No, nothing ever came of it."

Mr. Edison is a dreamer, a splendid dreamer, and, withal, a practical man of affairs, one who invests his work with his own untiring, exhaustless zeal.

"Oh," he says, "there is so much to be done, and so little time! For illustration, there is the problem of obtaining a greater amount of energy out of coal. Fully ninety per cent, at present, roughly estimating it, is lost. If I could only devise some method of saving the loss; if I could in some fashion arrange to save even a small portion of the waste—what an aid that would be to commerce! Yes, I am working on it; but I do not know how soon there will be any results. Maybe never. You know, for every success there are a thousand failures, and even our failures teach us something. With this additional saving of energy, the benefits that will accrue will be fairly incalculable."

"Then there is the problem of a marine signaling. It is a grand one. My idea is to work out a scheme whereby vessels at sea may communicate, even so far apart as ten miles. It is needless to go into details; as yet these belong to the far future."

"But I must get my ore separator out of the way first; then I can dip into these campaigns."

Mr. Edison believes in evolution. The cruel law of the survival of the fittest finds reflex in his powerful brain. He believes, too, in a Supreme Intelligence, and in the serious aspect of life. When I spoke to him of these things he grew earnest, and, bending forward in very eagerness, said in a low voice:

"I wish you would write me down as one whose studies have long since convinced him of the existence of Supreme Intelligence. I could demonstrate it with mathematical certainty, and one day may make the attempt. While I look upon men as so many atoms, and upon each life as so much energy, I do not wish that to be construed as agnostic; nor do I overlook man's accountability. Intelligence and morality—who can solve these mysteries? I tell you there is, somewhere, somehow, a Supreme Intelligence, working through the world of the seen and through the unseen, and in some strange, unknown fashion, shaping the destinies of mankind."

There is no blind chance in Mr. Edison's inventions. Later, when we went through the laboratory, I was astonished at the tangled mass of material he keeps constantly at hand. When working on his incandescent lamp, he tried about everything known to contain carbon. He experimented on filaments of platinum, iridium, and other rare metals; he used threads rubbed with coal tar; he tried hundreds of sorts of vegetable fibers, until at last the famous carbonized paper horseshoe proved a guide in the right direction. He expended over one hundred thousand dollars seeking vegetable fibers, his agents ransacking two hemispheres. Vexatious delays intervened. To guard against this, Mr. Edison now keeps an epitome of creation close at hand. In his storeroom I saw large boxes, duly labeled, containing such things as brown sugar, beans, cat skins, deer skins, wheat, Irish moss, Job's tears, shark's teeth, tortoise shells, hair, and other strange wares. There was enough hardware, of many sorts, to stock a store; there was sufficient bottles, of many sizes, to start a drug house; there were saddles, felt, rubber, glass tubing, copper wire of every conceivable weight, bowls, crocks, two-spout tea-kettles, oils, quills, hooks, shells, needles, pins, feathers—in brief, a thousand and one of the oddest, most unexpected things in the world, all jumbled together in quantities sufficient to last for years.

Mr. Edison is such a busy man, and many

## It is only necessary

to give your address (and name this publication) to test the value of this incomparable beverage, and see that COCOA and CHOCOLATE bear no more relationship to each other than

Skimmed Milk to Pure Cream; we take pleasure in sending samples to all applicants.

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MENIER, 86 West Broadway, N. Y. City.

are the inroads that are made on his time.

Most visitors get no further than the office,

where they see with regret a large placard,

to the effect that "no visitors are allowed

in the laboratory," and, furthermore, that

"Mr. Edison, in justice to his work, most

positively refuse to grant any one a private

interview, unless previously arranged by

letter." The office is a bare, square pine

box, in one corner a telephone, standing

inside a rail; a boy sits near by, reading a

paper, of which latter there is a confused

heap on a table; a picture of Mr. Edison is

on the wall. It is very still in this box of

an office, and the lad is exceptionally suspi-

cious of strangers. He challenges on

sight. "What do you wish?" "Have you

a letter?" "If not—" "Ah, you have a

letter." He takes it quickly, and motion-

ing you to a seat, hurried out of the cage,

slamming the door behind. He is gone a

long time. Just as you lose all hope he

returns, and in a business-like way says,

nervously: "Follow me, please." First, you

(Continued on page 15.)

The B. & O. R. R.

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DO YOU HAVE ASTHMA?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

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THE Empress of Austria is said to smoke fifty cigarettes and some rather strong as well as large cigars every day.

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inside, outside, and all the way through,  
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**HIRE'S Root Beer**  
This great Temperance drink;  
is as healthful, as it is pleasant. Try it.

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A girl may have a willowy form, classic features and teeth like pearls, but she never can be

### BEAUTIFUL

if her complexion is bad. For this reason a companion with plain features will outshine her if she possesses the advantage of a *lily-white skin*, tinted with just enough pink to give it a lovely *PEACH-BLOOM COLOR*.

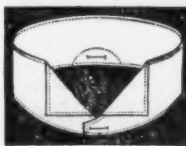
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**PILES ELECTROBOLE** the great alvino, gives quick relief, cures in a few days. No suppositories, no indelicacy. Mailed free. Address, J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N.Y.

## EPILEPSY OR FITS.

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—f say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; cured, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quick treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of to-day. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address. Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

pass through a yard, where there is a bit of grass; you enter a building, and hear the busy hum of industry. There is a grand library on your right, filled with books, flowers, minerals and adorned with magnificent fittings; you note that, even at a swift glance. The boy is hurrying up three pairs of stairs, the plain pine stairways of a factory; everything is scrupulously clean; you detect that indescribable sweet odor of freshly scrubbed floors; now you are taken into a small room, where it is cool and still, and are left alone to wait the arrival of the great inventor. It is a small, veritable den, filled with white jars, an old desk and two chairs. There is no sign that the place is used. A window gives to an open field. The retreating steps of the boy echo through the deserted hallways; you feel an uncanny sensation in the region of the heart, for you are at last in the lair of the chief of wizards. You start, involuntarily, as it flashes over you that that very mysterious-looking black box on the desk, at your right, may conceal a devil machine, which even now is in ghastly fashion registering your past life! There is something about the place you do not like. Some Black Crook may come out of a little trapdoor at your feet. Such is the fascination of the name of Edison.

I told you how he came in on a bound. Edison's departure was equally sensational. He suddenly arose, and, running his brown hands through his thick hair, straightened up, and yelled in a loud voice: "Dick! Dick!" The boy came fairly leaping out of a dark near-by passage. Edison whispered something, and the aid ran rapidly up the corridor. Then the Wizard rubbed his palms and said, quickly: "Come with me!"

I shall never forget the deep interest Mr. Edison took in his new, improved phonograph. In a twinkling he had adjusted the parts; each of us took a tube. First, came a sound like the murmur of the far-reaching sea; then a phonographic voice said: "Selection by the Palmer orchestra, from the opera of 'Robin Hood.'"

The improved machine, Mr. Edison explained, would produce over-tones, and represented almost ideal perfection. He sat perfectly still; a ripple of enjoyment overpread his mobile face; yet, withal, there was that in Mr. Edison's manner which suggested that he was the master of the situation; the little machine was doing his bidding; now and then he touched a screw here, pressed a lever there; he smoked his cigar as he listened to the music. With ear intent he sat beside the wonderful little mechanism, nor was his patience exhausted nor his thirst for music satisfied until he had heard ten full orchestral numbers. Here the great inventor stood revealed in all his strength and mystery. The man who had organized the echoes of the past for the enjoyment of future ages, who had conquered the forces of Nature for the benefit of mankind, in this supreme moment sat like a graven image in the gathering dusk.

Let us leave him here, beside his grandest invention. JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL.

### LITTLE SOLDIERS.

"PLAYING SOLDIER" has always been a favorite pastime with boys, but it is not often that they have a chance to "play soldier" with such good effect as has been achieved by the cadets of the preparatory department of St. Francis Xavier's College.

There are a hundred and fifty of these little soldiers. They are divided into three companies, and when drawn up in battalion, as in the illustration, form quite an imposing array. They are under the command of Major Francis X. O'Donnell, who has the voice and bearing of a true leader.

The seventh annual drill of the cadets was held at the Twenty-Second Regiment Armory on May 24, giving the parents and friends of the boys an opportunity of witnessing to what a degree of perfection they are drilled. All the regular exercises were gone through with as much smartness and precision as might be looked for among real grown-up soldiers. Some difficult fancy movements were also beautifully executed by a special company. "Forming the Star" was particularly effective, one figure of it being aptly described by an interested spectator as resembling the bursting of a rocket. The Gatling drill was cleverly performed. While busy with their guns, the little heroes fell one by one under the imaginary fire of an invisible enemy. It was almost pathetic to see the small forms lying prone in every position around the guns. Happily, at a given signal the fallen soldiers were recalled to life, none the worse for their thrilling experience.

On Sunday, June 4, the boys had the honor of welcoming the Infanta Eulalie, who attended mass in the college chapel. On the arrival of the princess the cadets were drawn up in double line extending from the carriage in to the place of reception.

The royal visitor expressed herself as greatly pleased with their appearance and conversed in a friendly way with several of the boys, one of whom—little Charlie O'Connor—she said, reminded her of her own little boy. We give portraits of two of the cadets, Lawrence Keough of Brooklyn, aged eleven, and Charlie Wentz of New York, aged twelve. It will be seen that the boys are not only well drilled but are also smartly turned out. The uniform is dark blue, with white cross-belts and leggings.—(See page 13.)



**FAT FOLKS** reduced, 15 lbs. a month; any one can make remedy at home. Miss M. Umphrey, Tekamah, Neb., says: "I lost 30 lbs. and feel splendid." Nourishing, Nostril, Fat (reduced) 1c. Hall Co., A. G., Box 408, St. Louis, Mo.

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Have the March Winds Brought out a Full Supply of Freckles?

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"Many ladies are annoyed," says Miss Rupert, "in the spring by hideous freckles, but, thanks to my World-Renowned Face Bleach, each year this number gets smaller. I guarantee my Face Bleach in every case to remove freckles. In every case where it fails I will give \$300. This should be guarantee enough. I ask only this, that you give it a trial, and, after that, you will agree with me that my World-Renowned Face Bleach is the most wonderful preparation known for removing freckles; and not alone this, but if you use during the summer, you cannot tan, burn or freckle, no matter if you appear in the hottest rays of the sun daily. If you use my Face Bleach in the early spring your freckles will not appear at all. Do not wait, but call now; or, if you live at a distance, send for it. One bottle sells for \$2.00, or three bottles for \$5.00. It is not a cosmetic to cover up, but a thorough cure. I send all orders from a distance in plain wrapper, safely packed, free from outside observation. Beware of imitations. See that all my preparations bear photograph and signature in full on label of Madame A. Rupert."

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Sent safely, with your address, to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., Chicago, Ill., will fetch to you by mail, without delay, a portfolio containing a highly colored, correct lithographic view of the

### World's Fair Grounds

and Buildings (done by the famous artist, Charles Graham), together with numerous other beautiful lithographic and half-tone views of unsurpassed lake and river scenery in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and Michigan. The "Quarter,"—otherwise twenty-five cents in silver or U. S. postage stamps—just covers the cost of the portfolio. We pay for sending it to you.

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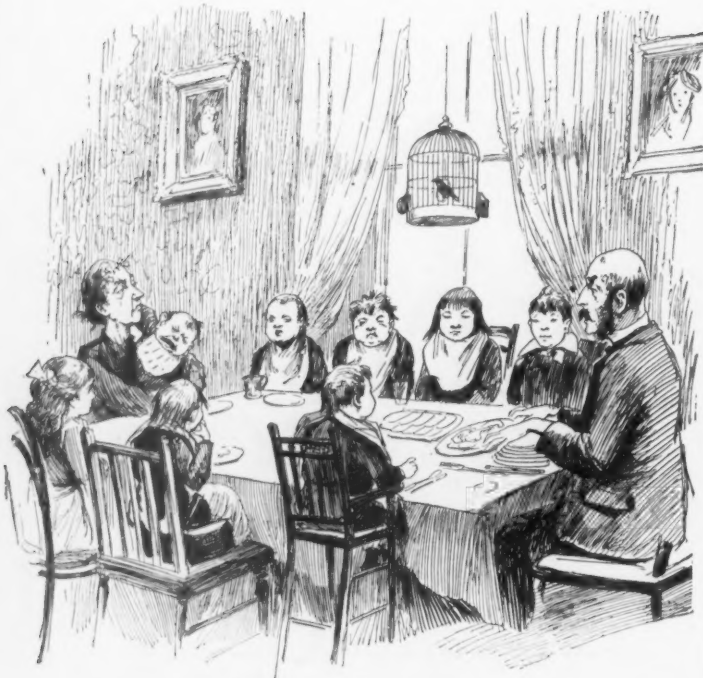
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